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"Madeira, Old and New." By W. H. Koebel. (Griffith: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Tono-Bungay." By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)
"Polly Wintord." By Eyre Henry. (Longmans, Green: 6*s.*)
"A Poached Peerage." By Sir W. Magnay. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
"The Thoughts of Lucia Halliday." (Methuen: 2*s.* 6*d.*)
"Salome and the Head." By E. Nesbit. (Alston Rivers: 6*s.*)
"Out of the Shadows." By Captain H. Curties. (Greening: 6*s.*)
"Songs of the Plain." By Cuthbert Wilkinson. (St. Catherine's Press: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Nightshade." By Roy Horniman. (Sisley's: 6*s.*)
"The Pilgrims." By H. H. Bashford. (Melrose: 6*s.*)
"Seekers." By Frank Savile. (Arnold: 6*s.*)
"The Duke in the Suburbs." By E. Wallace. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
"Transplanted Daughters." By Mrs. B. Harrison. (Fisher Unwin: 1*s.* net.)
"Uncle Gregory." By G. Sandeman. (Heinemann: 6*s.*)
"Idolatry." By Alice Perrin. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)
"Someone Pays." By Noel Barwell. (Lane: 6*s.*)
"Ladies Fair and Frail." By Horace Bleackley. (Lane: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Sandford of Merton." By Belinda Blinders. (Chapman and Hall: 2*s.* net.)
"The Greater Power." By H. Bindloss. (Long: 6*s.*)
"Noblesse Oblige." By M. E. Francis. (Long: 6*s.*)
"The World, the Flesh, and the Casino." By Gertrude Warden. (Long: 6*s.*)
"The Straw." By Winifred Wynne. (Hutchinson: 6*s.*)
"The Innocence of Isobel." By R. Ramsay. (Sisley's: 6*s.*)
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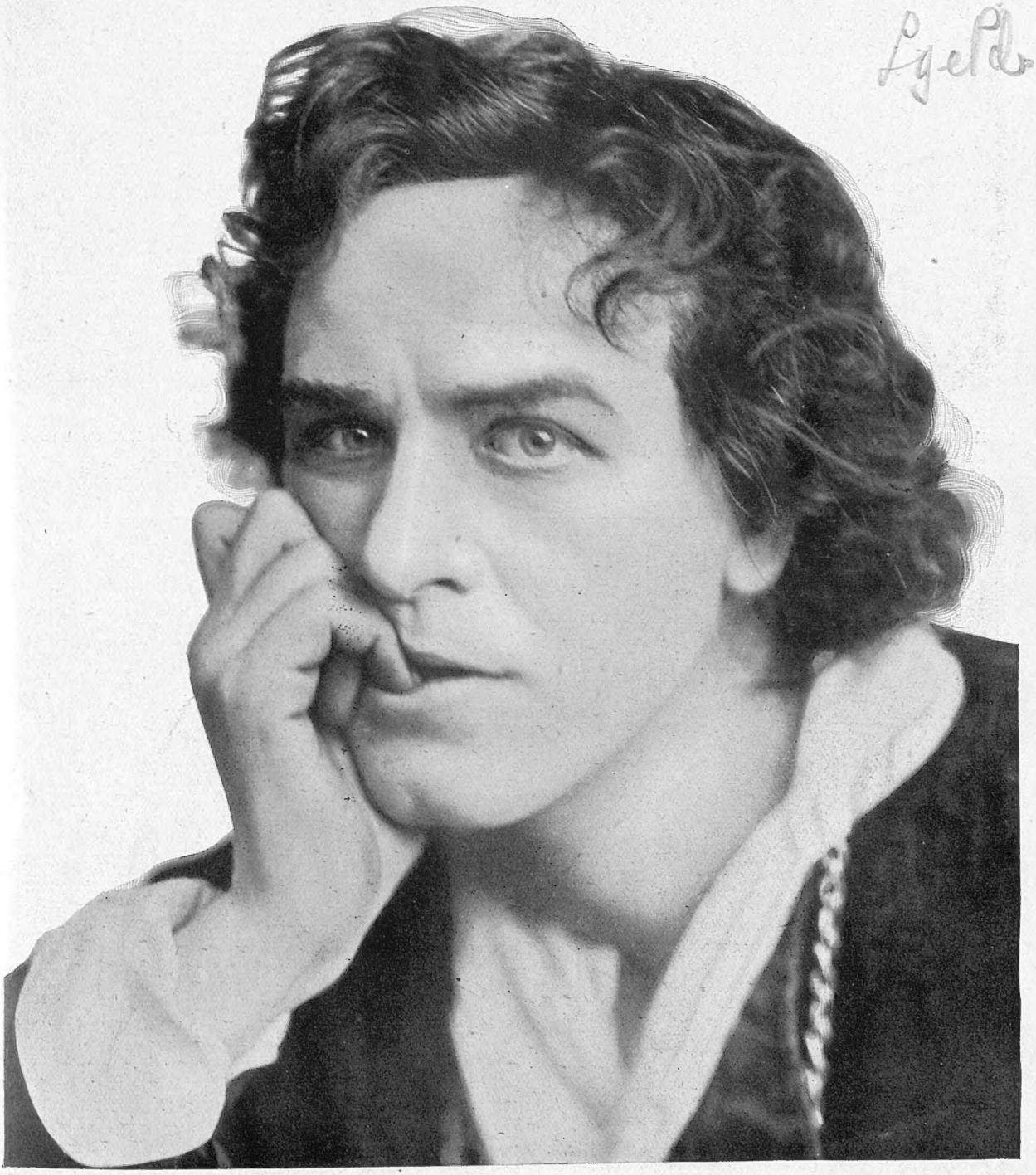
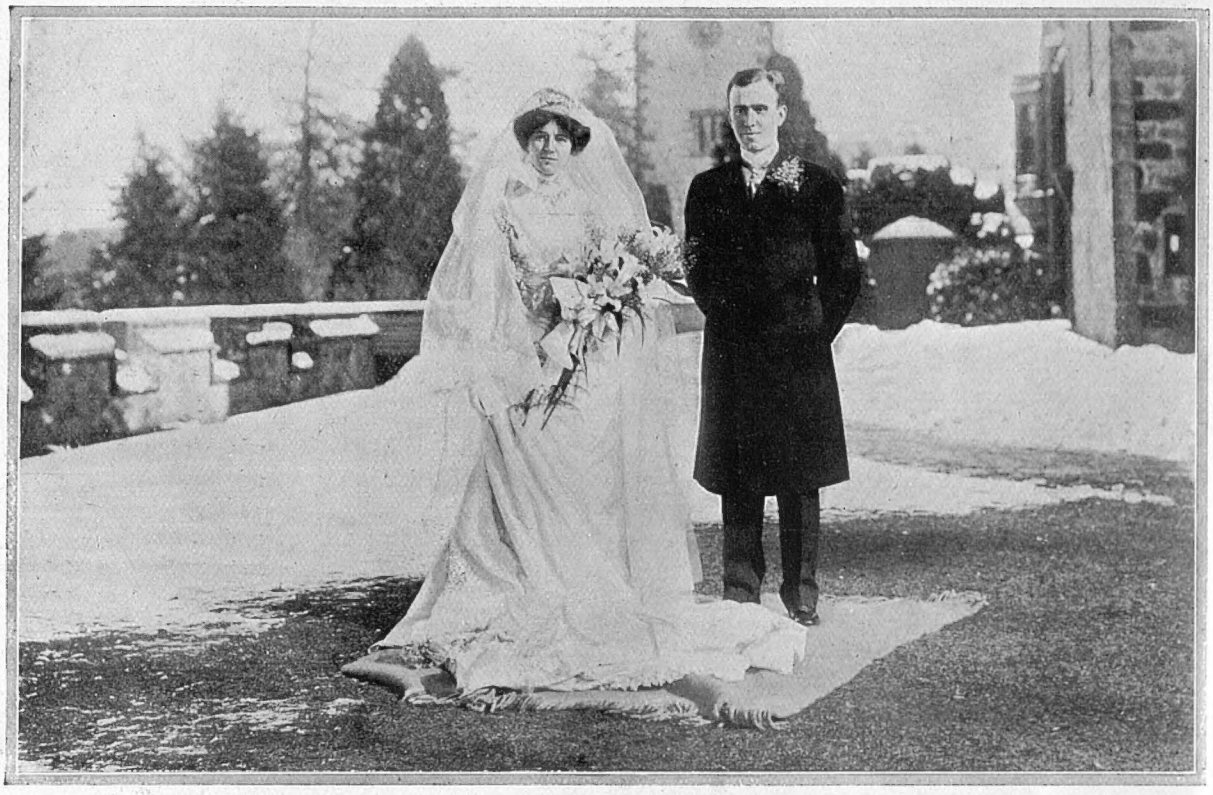


"LOOK HERE UPON THIS PICTURE"

Mr. Matheson Lang as Hamlet in the revival at the Lyceum, Tuesday evening, 9th inst.

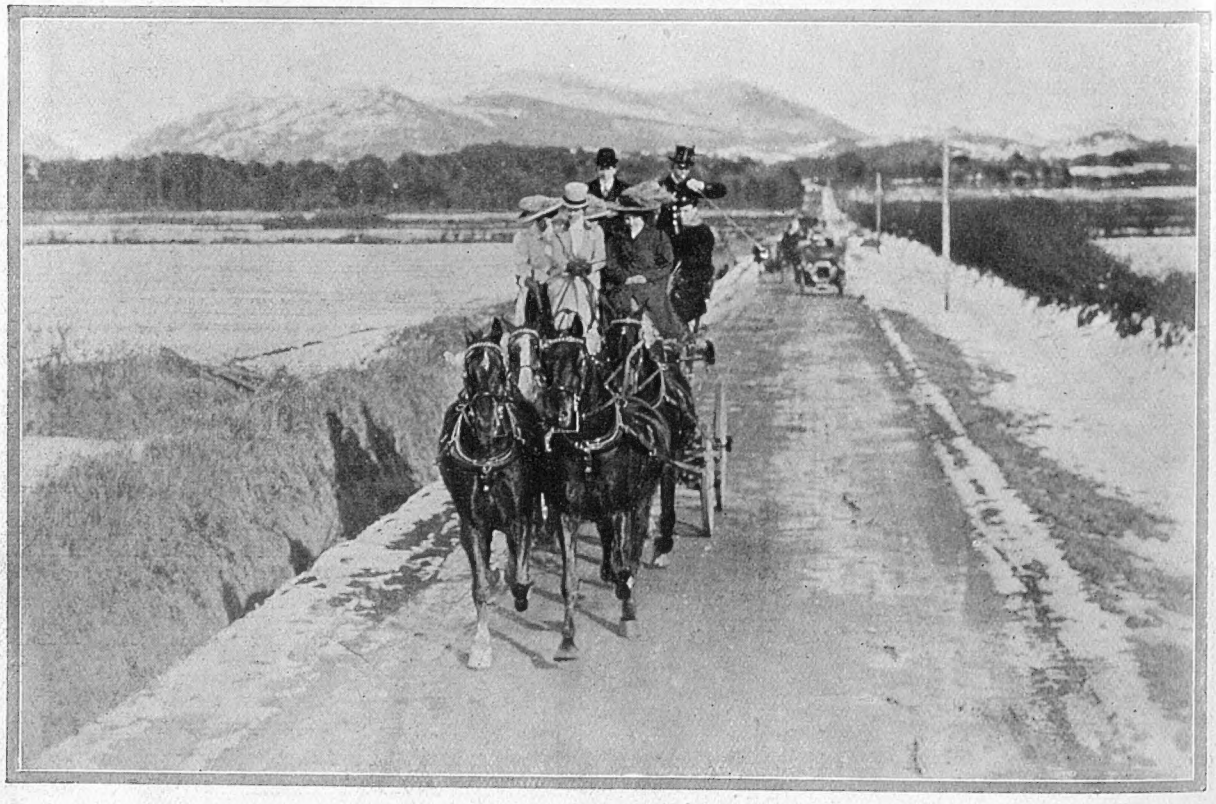
A Wedding in the Snow

PICTURESQUE EFFECTS AT A FASHIONABLE NORTH-COUNTRY FUNCTION



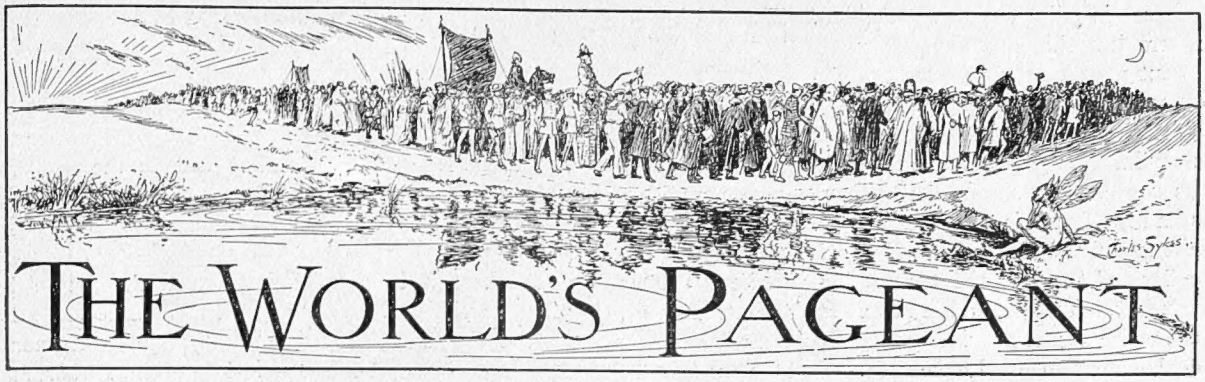
The Bridal Pair in a Snow-scape

Mr. George Westinghouse's bride was Miss Violet Brocklebank, daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Brocklebank, of Irton Hall, Cumberland. The wedding, after being once postponed, on account of the bridegroom's illness, took place last Thursday



Off for the Honeymoon in True Old-English Style

After the reception and wedding breakfast the bride and bridegroom left for Brigham Station in a coach and four, which was driven by Miss Sylvia Brocklebank, who is a very clever whip



His Majesty's Health

It has been announced with quite unnecessary emphasis that the King's visits abroad at this time of year are entirely the suggestion of his doctors and are in no sense a holiday. It seems a little absurd that such an authorised note should have to be published. Surely it stands to reason that all personages whose health is of great importance to the common weal will, if possible, avoid the English March and April. Therefore, the statement is hardly startling when one considers the labours of his Majesty and his age. I must own that whether he thinks fit to work or rest at Biarritz seems to me entirely the King's affair, and very little to do with the newspapers. But, as a matter of fact, Edward VII. is of the modern type of man who cannot lay aside his life work—he enjoys it far too well.

A Snapshot from "The Bystander" Office Window

The snow fights of the City of London schoolboys provide a pleasant spectacle for the jaded journalist

* * *

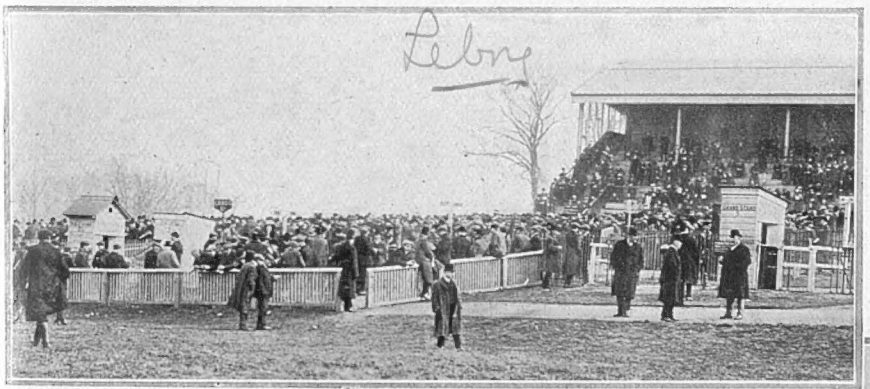
The Euroclydon of 1909

The Euroclydon that upset St. Paul's vessel must now take a back seat. We are prepared to back the snow-storms of last week against anything in the nature of a tempest in Scripture or mythology. There may have been noisier, more awe-inspiring affairs in the past, but there were never dirtier. London has been a shallow sea of filth for days—it was probably your own fault if you dived in at the deep end—and tempers have been very crusty. The municipal life-belts, as usual, were missing, and the callous cruelty of the remarks of the motor-'bus drivers in the Strand, as their prospective passengers vanished under the surf, brought tears of indignation to the eyes of the Medical Association statues (who looked positively overdressed for once).

* * *

"The Gentleness of Heaven"

"The gentleness of Heaven's on the land," quotha, says the poet. The gracious phrase is apt enough so far as the Cumberland country, for instance, is concerned, where an interesting wedding took place last Thursday amidst snowscapes of surpassing loveliness, but its appropriateness is a little difficult to



As It Should Have Been

Alive with spectators of the Grand Military Steeplechases. (From a last year's photograph)

Copyright of "The Bystander"

As It Was on March 5 and 6, the Original Dates of the Grand Military Meeting

A lonely landmark in a wilderness of snow—the races having been postponed until the 29th and 30th

SANDOWN PARK AS IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN, AND AS IT WAS

realise in dirty, greasy London. There is nothing particularly gentle about 3,781,440 tons of slush. (The figures are not mine, but those of the *Express*, to which all credit for its painstaking labours with the scales in order to supply its readers with simple truths that anyone can understand!) There is nothing overwhelmingly soothing about a five-ounce snow-ball that lodges between the collar and the ear; there is nothing somniferous about wet feet, neuralgia, and influenza colds; but, after all, the white argent provides young England with a great deal of amusement. I have not watched the revels in the playground of the City of London School from the office window without a twinge of envy.

* * *

No Grand Military!

To racing people the frost and snow have caused both disappointment and mischief. The bitterest blow was the postponement of the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park last week. Everyone had looked forward so eagerly to this fine sporting gathering, and the soldiers had been working hard to get themselves fit for a long time past for the excitement and glory of riding at the annual meeting. Our "Carbine" and others had gone carefully into the prospects of the meeting, and selected the likely winners. But all to no purpose. The weather beat them, and we shall have to wait until after the Liverpool Grand National before seeing the soldier-riders in rivalry at Sandown. Owners and trainers view the bad weather with the utmost concern. Only a fortnight now divides us from the opening of the flat-racing season, yet for days trainers have found it impossible to give their horses a decent gallop. Trials for the Lincoln have so far been utterly out of the question, and we may expect some tremendous surprises when the racing begins. Horses will be fat, and quite incapable of showing their true form. Lucky will be the backers, then, who find the winners!

* * *

Licenses for Air-Pilots

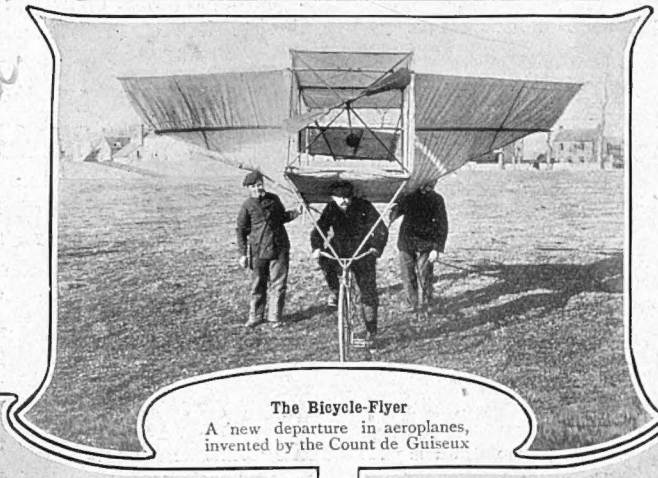
The Aero Club de France has issued the first eight pilot certificates. The gentlemen selected are MM. Delagrange, Henri Farman, Santos Dumont, Esnault-Pelterie, Louis Bleriot, Captain Ferber, and Messrs. Wilbur and Orville Wright. I notice with pain the omission of the name of our own inimitable Mr. Cody. I don't really know if he is eligible for a French certificate, but it always affects one deeply to read a paragraph on aeronautics in which his genius is overlooked. It is almost as trying as opening a newspaper to find that it does not accuse the month of March of coming in like a Polar bear.

* * *

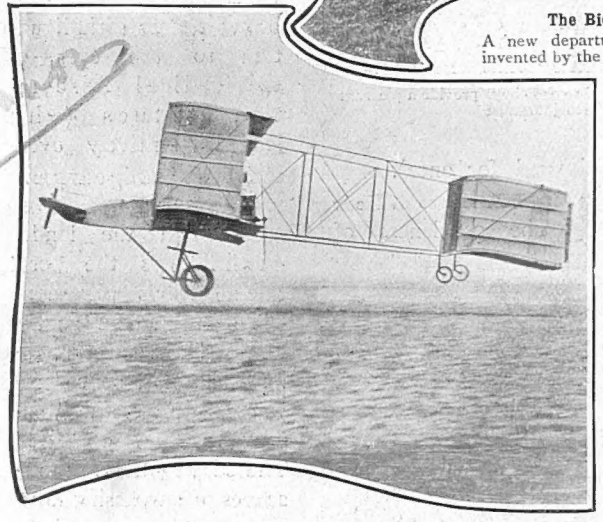
The Indefatigable Frenchman

One cannot but admire the energy with which France strives to make headway in matters aeronautical. We are apt to forget that it was Santos Dumont who first proved the possibility of mechanical flight. The Brothers Wright hid their propellers under a bushel for a long time after the Frenchman's memorable voyage of 200 yards in the aptly-styled locality of Bagatelle. Paris already has its aeroplane shop, where, we believe, the nattiest little dirigibles may be had at the usual rates, and almost anything in the way of nuts, screws, and court-plaster may be purchased at a moment's notice.

AERONAUTS IN THE AIR AND OUT



The Bicycle-Flyer
A new departure in aeroplanes, invented by the Count de Guiseux



Mr. Moore-Brabazon's Aeroplane in Full Flight at Rheims
Mr. Moore-Brabazon, practically the only English inventor to meet with real success, has made several flights of over two miles, rising and turning in skilful fashion

Santos Dumont's New Mono-Plane
Which, apparently, does not like the cold weather. This plane is of a miniature type, the inventor holding that most of the present machines are unnecessarily large

The Prospect of a One-Sided Boat Race

CREWS AT PRACTICE LAST WEEK—CAMBRIDGE SHOWING, SO FAR, IMMENSE SUPERIORITY

OXFORD
(*Photographed at Henley*)

THE OXFORD CREW

CAMBRIDGE
(*Photographed at Putney*)

Interest in the forthcoming Boat Race slackens as, from day to day, the practice shows Cambridge to be so much the superior. On Saturday, the Light Blues rowed the course from Putney to Mortlake in 19 min. 2 sec., which is 17 sec. faster than that in which she won the race last year, and only 15 sec. slower than the record. Oxford, while rapidly improving, has a long way to go before she can be regarded as having more than a forlorn hope of winning on April 3

More Areas than Aeros

Apart from the comic collapses of the Capper and Cody combination, we seem to get no farther in England than the purchase or rental of flying-areas. The last to be acquired is situated at Shell Beach, on the Island of Sheppey. Now, if there is one place in the world where the wind does blow hard it is the very exposed coast of this island. Wind is the deadly foe of the aeronautical beginner. It smashes his machine before he has time to remedy defects that can only be discovered in practice. The Aero Club will be well-advised to go further inland if they contemplate renting any more aviation grounds.

* * *

A Scottish Bride in Kildare

The many Scottish ties of family and friendship of Kathleen, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pelham-Burn, of Prestonfields, caused the St. Giles's Cathedral of Edinburgh to be the scene of that lady's marriage with the young and handsome Earl of Drogheda. The wide popularity of the bride and groom was shown in the fact that there were no fewer than four hundred delightful presents, from a diamond tiara, the gift of the Earl's mother, to a mantelpiece, from his colleagues at the Foreign Office. These latter gentlemen expect great things of the comrade whom they knew so well as Lord Moore. In our time the marriages of the young and gifted are not always the wisest, but there can be no doubt that, in the present case, whatever future lies in store for Lord Drogheda, his Countess will be equal to all occasions. Both the bride and bridegroom may be said to know their world pretty well.

* * *

Royalty at Cairo

The season at Cairo is at its zenith. The arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, accompanied by Prince Arthur and Princess Patricia, gave a great fillip to the social gaiety of the city. Their Royal Highnesses were met at the station by the Khedive, who only returned just in time from Esneh, where he formally opened the new Barrage, and Sir Eldon and Lady Gorst. Operagoing, dancing, and riding have occupied the time of the Royal guests, the Duke and his son finding time also to attend the manœuvres.

* * *

German or Not German?

In a few remarks of last week on a certain cinematographic exhibition depicting "invasion" scenes, I said "the enemy is transparently the German." Mr. J. E. McManus, the producer of the pictures, writes to me to point out that this is not correct, so far as he is concerned:

> One of the "invaders" is wearing complete English dragoon uniform, with a nondescript overcoat which covers the tunic, but the boots and cap are the ordinary English service pattern. A second "invader" is similarly dressed, save that a "fancy" theatrical helmet with a plume replaces the English cap. The third wears a non-military overcoat, theatrical top-boots and spurs, and a German helmet—but not an active service helmet. The invader is NOT supposed to be German, and so anxious was I to guard against the suggestion of a German invader that I refused to let the actors use the helmets first supplied by the costumier, because they looked too much like German service helmets—though they were actually discarded helmets of the Devon County Constabulary.

I am glad to give the needed publicity to Mr. McManus, and to admit that he seems to have been at great pains to disguise the national identity of the invader. But as he admits the use of a German helmet, I do not see how he can ask me to correct my statement. That headgear alone sufficed to give to the Germans in the audience the impression to which I referred, with the results I described.

* * *

Roosevelt's Niche

Mr. Roosevelt has left office, but his soul, located in a snug corner of the vast domains of President W. H. Taft, goes marching on. Everybody, more or less, has been busy estimating his place in history—and nobody has succeeded in doing it. But, then, this habit of doing history's work for it, a hundred years in advance, is quite one of the stupidest of the time. History is a most capricious jade,

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

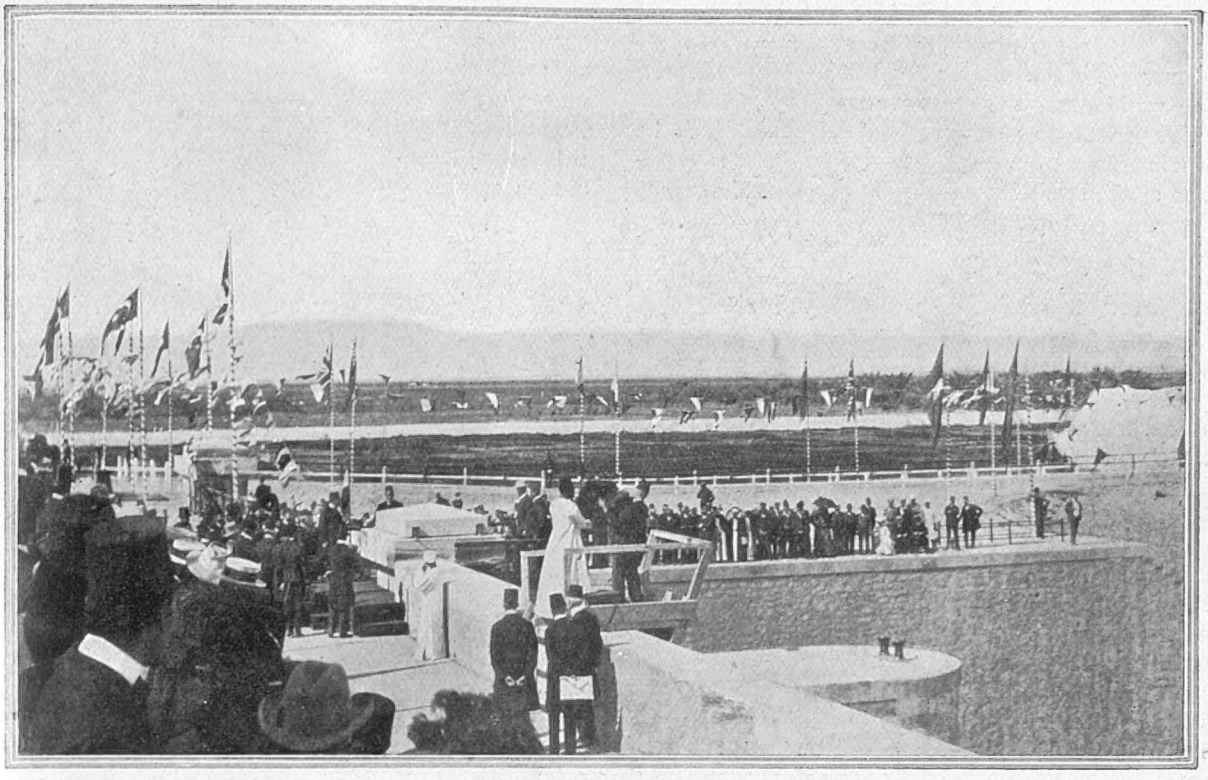
Mr. Arthur Dewar, M.P.
Solicitor-General for Scotland, who has been returned for South Edinburgh by a Liberal majority of 1,221 votes

TWO EDINBURGH EVENTS

The Earl of Drogheda and his Bride (*née* Miss Kathleen Pelham-Burn)
Who were married at Edinburgh on Wednesday last

The Lighter Side of Departmental Duties

CARDS AND COMPLIMENTS AT ESNEH AND CALCUTTA



The Khedive Wields the Trowel

The Khedive laying the last stone of the new Nile Barrage at Esneh on February 9. The Khedive is seen standing to the left of the stone, with the Ministers and Sir Eldon Gorst (in grey top hat) behind him. This vast work is complementary to the great Assuan Dam, and has cost £1,000,000

Lord Kitchener's Garden-Party

Lord Kitchener always entertains very magnificently, and a great number of people, including Lord and Lady Minto, were present at his recent garden-party at Calcutta. His lordship is now shooting tigers in the Bhowal Jungles, near Kashipur, an occupation that is very much to his taste. The grounds depicted above lie in the trenches of Fort William

and throws her cap often enough at the least deserving. Statesmen live by the accident of their associations, by the force of their phrases, far more than by their individual characters. On this assumption, what events and what words are essentially Rooseveltian? In the former case, the answer has yet to be given. In the world-sense, the greatest event of Mr. Roosevelt's period was the Russo-Japanese War, which he was instrumental in bringing to a close. The subjugation of the Philippines was a Roosevelt achievement, also the continuation of the Panama Canal.

* * *

His Wordy Renown

History may praise the Roosevelt rôle in these matters—or she may not. When, however, one leaves the sphere of events and comes to words, then the Roosevelt record is a big one. Theodore's utterances are likely to live long after him, not on account of their literary or epigrammatic quality, but because of their strong political morality. To a nation in which corruption had reached its climax and Mammon reigned supreme, there spoke this great voice. "Roosevelt" means purity in public life. He may be looked back upon as the founder of a dynasty of American Cæsars, and his operations against Trusts and the forces of corruption may prove to be the first stages of that great war against the Dollar which America must perforce wage if she is ever to attain that moral dominion of the world which should, one day, be hers.

* * *

Genial Mr. Taft

Meanwhile, amid a good deal of more or less dignified ceremonial, President Taft has installed himself. Everybody seems to look on him as a great big joke: his smile and handshake are already national institutions, even as were Mr. Roosevelt's eyeglasses and front teeth. May events enable Mr. Taft to keep up this mammoth geniality.

* * *

The "Indomitable" Robbery

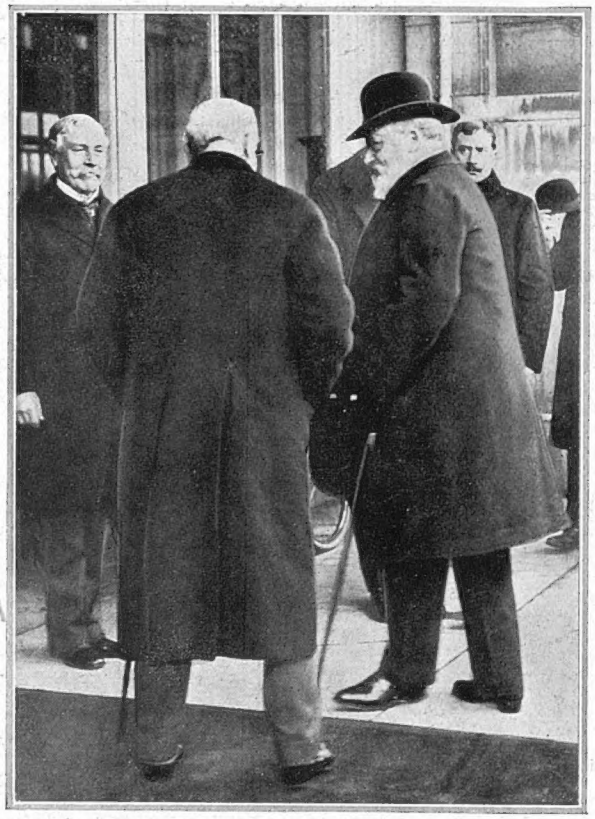
I find that the photograph in last week's issue of the officers of H.M.S. *Indomitable* is not, as was conveyed to me by the photographer's description, an entirely new one, taken on the occasion of the discovery of the robbery on that vessel, but of some months' standing. The inference conveyed, *i.e.*, that the officers were taking the mishap "very merrily," is not a fair one, for I am assured that the occurrence has occasioned the deepest distress to all concerned, particularly to the able and popular Fleet-Paymaster, Mr. Henry de C. Ward, who has seen thirty-one years of unblemished service, and is deserving of the sincerest sympathy on his misfortune.

* * *

Escaping a Railway Smash at Tonbridge,

H.M. THE KING

Arrives in Paris None the Worse for His Journey



Scotland Speaks

The Scotch elections seem to suggest that the northern elector's enthusiasm for the present Government is just a wee bit on the wane, as it were. Forfarshire and Edinburgh have remained only coolly loyal to Liberalism. In Glasgow, furthermore, the result is hardly an overwhelming endorsement of the Ministerial policy. With all the will in the world to be nice to the Government, an overturn of 2,500 votes in the Central Division of the "second city of the Empire" does rather look as though there is some slight flow of the tide in favour of Toryism.

* * *

The Beatings of Bowles

Mr. Gibson Bowles has not been fortunate. But, still, if you have to be beaten, it is so much better to be beaten thoroughly. Mr. Bowles has let his new Party down twice, with the most thumping whacks—first in the City of London by Mr. Balfour (majority against 11,340) and then in the City of Glasgow (majority against, 2,113). Mr. Bowles is not old, as politicians go, and he may yet live to score equally decisive failures in the cities of Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and Bristol.

* * *

Some Private Proposals

At the beginning of a Session one is apt to think much more highly of Parliament as an institution than at the end. For, after the Address has been voted, comes the balloting for Private Members' Bills. All of a sudden one awakens to find that quite a number of useful things are really being thought out. Nothing,

Roosevelt Under Ratlines

THE EX-PRESIDENT'S PARTING WORDS TO THE U.S. FLEET

MR. ROOSEVELT ADDRESSING THE CREW OF THE "CONNECTICUT"

One of the ex-President's last actions was to deliver a little homily to the Navy, of which he is so proud, and which he has done so much to develop. Mr. Roosevelt was once Assistant Naval Secretary for a short time. The "Connecticut" is one of the twenty-four men-of-war reviewed on the return of the American Fleet from their memorable tour, and described by the American Press as "the most colossal aggregation of sea-dogs ever collected on the face of the waters." The Golden and Diamond Jubilee Reviews at Spithead are apparently forgotten

for instance, aroused really greater interest last year than the daring scheme for Daylight Saving. When Parliament actually passed the measure, many men, anxious to get up and go to bed early, under the impression that it is late, said that there was something to be said for the old place after all. But, then, the inevitable! The Bill got its second reading, and was hung up until, probably, a period when it will be not needed—a period when man will be either enjoying daylight all the time, or never at all.

* * *

Other Private Bills

This Session's Private Members' Bills include at least three of note. There is Mr. Geoffrey Howard's Adult Franchise Bill, which, as it were, "leaves space" for a Woman Suffrage Amendment; Mr. B. S. Straus's Vehicular Traffic Bill, which, to reduce the number of funerals in "populous places," proposes to reduce the vehicular speed limit to funeral pace; and there is, lastly, Mr. Brigg's Bill for the Sunday closing of public-houses. The latter is threatened a free passage, as, for some mysterious reason, the Unionists profess not to be opposed to further attempts to Sabbatarianise the country and to interfere with the freedom of the subject to refresh himself on the seventh day. The Bill proposes to close all public-houses on Sunday, leaving to magisterial discretion the opening of some of them for one hour at midday, and for two (or three in London) in the evening. It also fixes the six-mile limit for the "*bona fide* traveller." Now, if the solid truth be told, the objection to the late Licensing Bill of the Government on the part of the average voter was not so much its conditions regarding compensation to brewers, a matter which the average voter did not profess to understand, unless he held brewery shares, but its pettifogging proposals on this very question of Sunday closing.

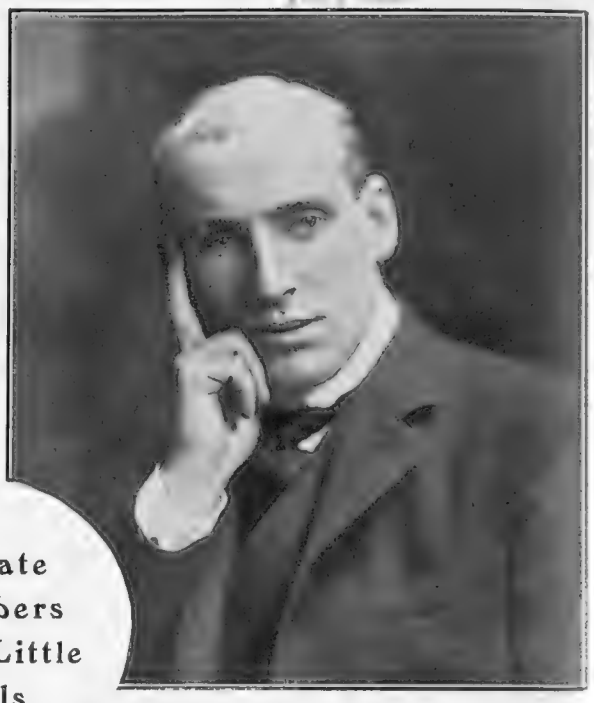
* * *

Should We Dine Out?

The threatened veto of the right to dine out on Sundays, and to refresh oneself at the end of the three-mile country walk, aroused far more resentment than all the rest of the Bill put together. If the House passes this private Bill, and takes, thereby, a further slice out of

Private Members with Little Bills

Mr. B. S. Straus, M.P.
Mover of a Bill for the Regulation of Speed for Vehicles in "Populous Places"



Mr. Geoffrey Howard, M.P.
Mover of the Franchise Bill, which allows for an amendment favouring "Votes for Women"

Mr. C. Brigg, M.P.
Who introduced a Bill embodying the Sunday Closing clauses of the deceased Licensing Bill of the Government, with, it is said, the hope of securing the assent of both sides of the House

The Countess of Westmorland

Is one of the late Lady Rosslyn's beautiful quintet of daughters, the others being the Duchess of Sutherlan', Lady Warwick, Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, and Lady Angela Forbes. Her ladyship is fonder of country than of London pursuits

the emaciated remains of personal liberty in this country, there will be a very bad row; and M.P.'s were well-advised to think very carefully before they say "aye" to it.

* * *

A Play—and its Significance

Side by side with this Sabbatarian fanaticism in the House we have evidences all round us of a determination to make Sunday evening not only less dull, but positively more bright, than any other of the week. At the Court Theatre last Sunday a play was produced entitled *Nan Pilgrim*, by—a clergyman's wife, Mrs. Percy Dearmer, whose husband is the incumbent of St. Mary the Virgin, Primrose Hill. Perhaps the fact that the play deals with a serious problem, to wit, the domestic cares of the clergy, justifies its production on the day of "rest." However, it marks yet another step forward towards that closer union of Church and Stage which has so long been discussed between the matchmakers on either side.

* * *

Variety and Virtue

We are not unaccustomed, nowadays, to theatrical services and dramatic preaching. In America a clergyman has even gone so far as tempt people into his benches by advertising whistling solos from the pulpit by a well-known actress. Mr. Harry Lauder, as will be seen from the picture opposite, has afforded his patronage to the pastor of one of the best-known churches in New York, much to the delight of an enormous congregation, and English ministers, recently, have not been above inviting prominent actors to read the lessons at their services. How far will these innovations reach, and what will be their influence?

The Church and the Drama

Mrs. Percy Dearmer, wife of a popular Church of England minister, whose play, *Nan Pilgrim*, was produced at the Court Theatre last Sunday

* * *

The Drama to the Rescue

Actors have before now thrown aside sword and wig and permanently adopted cassock and cotta. Shall we ever see a reversal of this process? Is there no wealthy spiritual teacher prepared to go the whole—calf, and appeal to the blunted feelings of the fallen through a more direct medium? There are certain classes, the radically vicious and the lazily indifferent among others, on whom no sort of sermon makes the slightest impression. Ought the clergy to ignore them? If preaching fails, surely another method should be tried. Again and again one hears of cases where a good book or a good play has brought the first ray of light and hope into dark lives. Now there are very few plays, at any rate, written with that object. It would be safe to say that a play has never been produced in a London theatre with the object of imparting spiritual benefit.

* * *

Collection Plate or Cloak-room Fee?

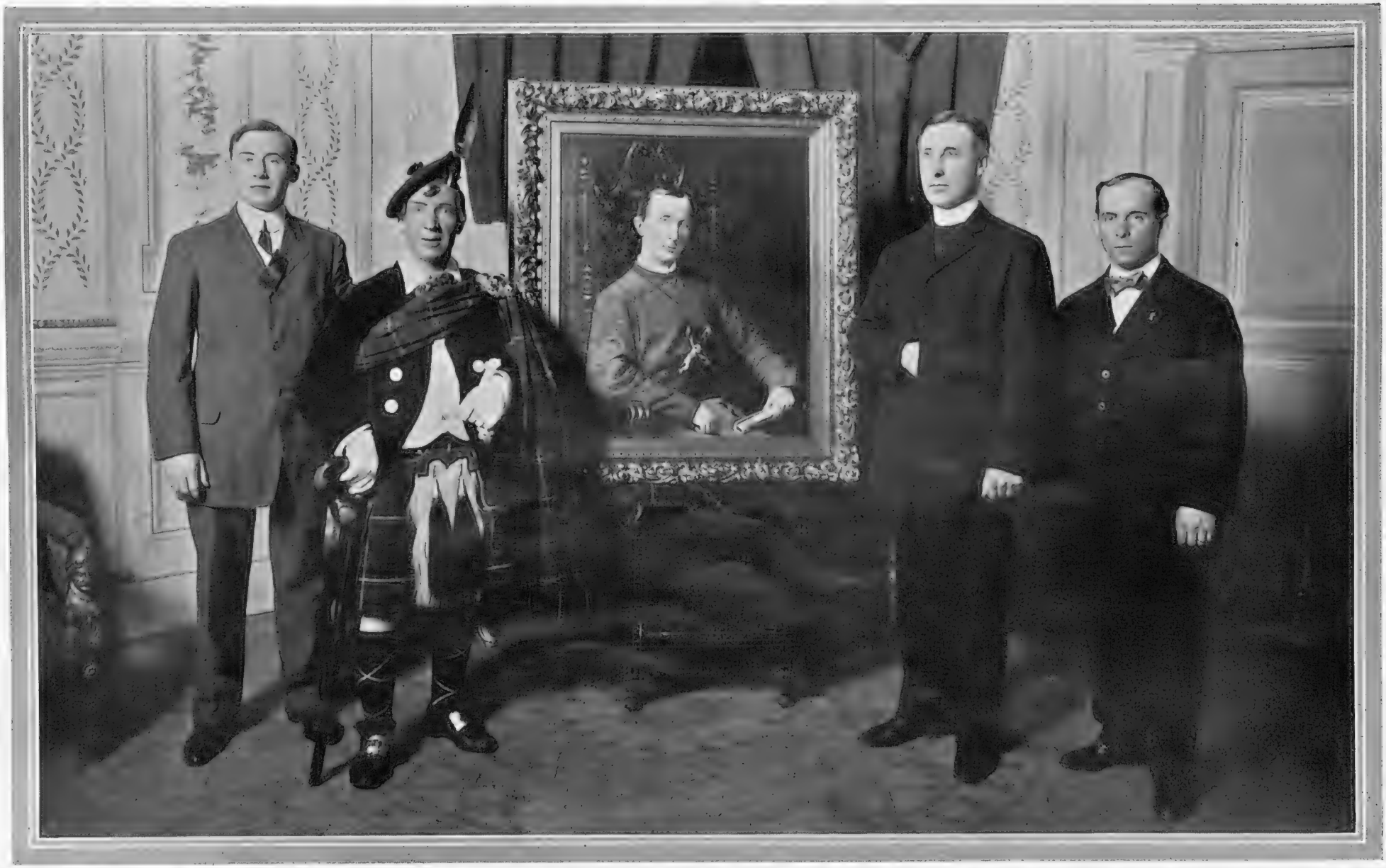
Sunday evening drama is not a new idea. Plays that have shocked the Censor are usually privately produced on the day of rest. Dare I suggest that the idea be developed, that morality plays be as numerous as sermons, that the cloak-room fee be substituted for the obnoxious plate-offering? Am I guilty of irreverence in suggesting that the halls of amusement should once a week be transformed into temples of spiritual enlightenment? It would mean, at any rate, that the cost of the up-keep of an enormous number of unnecessary churches would be saved, and money diverted into needier and more practical channels. Mr. Seymour Hicks once talked of producing a Passion Play in London. Has he entirely abandoned the idea? This young actor-manager does not lack courage, and I am sure that the fear of a little cynical ridicule has not dissuaded him from his purpose. But this is, alas! the era of "Gibson Girls" and "Bath Buns"—and Representative Chorus-Girls for the Proletariat! Have I been writing in the shadow of the century?

* * *

Stephen Pichon

Thirty years ago, a young man presented himself at the offices of *La Justice*, a newspaper with a strongly defined democratic character, and the editor liked the calm, determined look of the lad, then in his twenty-first year, and gave him a trial. It was not long before the young man became a useful and prominent member of the staff. The editor was M. Clemenceau and the young man was M. Pichon, the present Minister for Foreign Affairs of the French Republic, and the man who is credited with having brought the weight of his influence to bear on Russia and preserved the peace of Europe. When the chance came, the young man, five years later, under the protection of his powerful friend, made his début in politics, and was elected a member of the Paris Municipal Council, which is a recognised stepping-stone to Parliamentary honours. At twenty-eight years of age he entered Parliament, where he had a useful, if not brilliant, career, but his rather cold and moderate personality did not appeal to the ordinary

Lauder Sion! Church and Stage in Closer Communion than Ever



This somewhat startling photograph, symbolical of the association of Vaudeville and Virtue, was taken in the Paulist Fathers' Church, New York. Mr. Harry Lauder, the famous Scottish comedian, is presenting Father Daly with an oil painting of himself (Father Daly), before an enthusiastic congregation of 5,000 people. This may be said to be quite the latest development of the Church and Stage entente. Where will it end?

elector, and on being defeated at the following election, he threw up Parliamentary life, and, like several other leading men who have risen by similar stages in public life, he consoled himself with a diplomatic post. In a few years we find him as French Minister in Brazil, and then at Pekin, where he had the good fortune to be in office during the Boxer rising; this gave him the chance of showing his worth. His cool, unemotional character was just what was wanted. He was well seconded by his brave wife, who threw off her *dame du monde* elegance, donned the nurse's cap and apron, and took her place in the ambulance with all the skill and cool-headedness under fire of a trained military nurse.

* * *

Clemenceau's "Alter Ego"

M. Clemenceau never forgets his enemies, but still less his friends, and when he became Prime Minister, he remembered the bright, sagacious lad of thirty years ago, who was then Resident-General in Tunis, and made him his *alter ego* in his present first and memorable Ministry. M. Clemenceau requires that the members of his Cabinet shall think like him, and do as they think he would do. The most efficient of them in this respect is M. Pichon. He knows what his chief wishes without asking, and there is never a hitch between these two men, for M. Pichon still regards him with all the affection and docility of the apprentice for the patron.

M. Stephen Pichon

Minister for Foreign Affairs of the French Republic, who is credited with having brought his influence to bear on Russia in the recent crisis, and preserved the peace of Europe

* * *

Popular With King Edward

No two men I have ever met have so little affectation. This, perhaps, is one of the reasons why King Edward likes them both. When he meets them in Paris politics are, no doubt, always discussed, and the pleasure of an unofficial conversation must be agreeable to all three of them. With the exception of Mme. Cruppi, Mme. Pichon is the only Ministerial spouse at the present moment who has a *salon* in which the *monde* of the Republic is pleased to foregather.

* * *

"The Belle of New York" as Miss Sutton

Cannes was very sorry to lose the erstwhile Edna May, who, with her sister, Miss Jane May, and her husband, Mr. Oscar Lewisohn, has just returned to England. Stopping at that merry mansion, the Beau Site Hotel, famous for its dances, its bridge-parties, and its tennis courts, the Lewisohn party made themselves very popular, and entered wholeheartedly into the varied programme of entertainments. Out of doors the "Belle of New York" (still a "Belle" though not now on the boards) divided her time between the golf links and the tennis courts, than which there are none better on the Riviera, girded as they are by the orange trees of the Beau Site. Tom Fleming, formerly of Queen's Club, and a son of "Old Tom," mentor of the Renshaws, was requisitioned to act as her tennis coach, and the genial Tom was often to be seen explaining the intricacies of the back-hand grip. Mrs. Lewisohn made an apt and conscientious pupil, and is said to have acquired the art of making the "lifting drive," the most powerful weapon in Miss Sutton's armoury. For two days last week, by the way, the Cannes courts were coated with snow, an event almost unprecedented in the Sunny South.

LINES TO A MARCH HARE

Enter, entertaining creature,
Come and make your comic bow,
For your own distinctive feature
Is all-popular just now.
You will find that all pretence is
Most severely left alone,
And our lack of commonsense is
Just as patent as your own.

You shall see us buzz and bustle
In a frantic sort of way,
And not ever cease to hustle
Half the night and all the day;
You shall see us cutting capers
Very quaint and ludicrous,
On the off-chance that the papers
May devote a par. to us.

You shall see us garbed in motley,
With a bladder on a stick,
All pursuing Folly hotly
At a pace extremely quick.
You shall see it is the fashion
Not to think of head or heart,
But to yield us to a passion
To be nothing if not smart.

In this game of rough-and-tumble
'Tis to luck alone we trust;
The unlucky ones who stumble
Are just trampled in the dust.
At the finish of your outing,
If you notice what is what,
You'll discover, past all doubting,
You're the sanest of the lot.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.

And They Went There For Warmth!

THE RIVIERA'S LITTLE PRANK: CANNES UNDER SNOW

An Unprecedented Event at Cannes
Nearly four inches of snow had fallen at 9 a.m. on February 26!

The Gardens of the Grand Hotel
Their unwonted aspect in this picture will strike English patrons of Cannes very curiously

In Front of the Municipal Casino
"The Riviera for Snowballing" may be the next catch-phrase adapted by the railway companies

FOILS FOR THE FAIR

LADIES COMPETING IN THE FENCING CHAMPIONSHIPS

Miss. M H. Hall,
Champion
1907-8

There is no doubt that fencing is one of the sports which have benefited by the holding of the Olympic Games in London, and there are already signs that this graceful and health-giving pastime is making pronounced headway in England, while its followers are showing a keenness which the success of our representatives at the Games has, doubtless, done much to foster. A recent development has been the formation of a London Amateur Fencing League, the object of which is to enable the members of the various London fencing clubs and schools of arms to meet each other more often, and so gain that experience of all sorts of methods and styles which is essential to good fencing, and can only be obtained where fencers gather together in large numbers. As regards the government of the pastime, which is in the hands of the Amateur Fencing Association, that body will meet on March 19. when several important measures for strengthening the hand of the Association as a controlling force, for regulating competitions, and for a more satisfactory definition of an amateur fencer will be discussed. For some months past the fencing rooms of London have been in a state of activity, and practice has been going on steadily in anticipation of the season proper, which commenced last week at the Sword Club, 1, Durham Street, Strand, with the Ladies' Amateur (Foils) Championship. The preliminary pools were held on the 3rd inst., the semi-finals on Saturday last, and the final on Monday. At the moment of going to press the result has not reached us.

Miss E. Howe

Mrs. Edwards

The preliminary pools were held on Wednesday last, the above ladies competing, at the Juno Club, Strand. Two fencers from each of the six pools took part in the semi-final on Saturday, and the final on Monday

Fair Women Before the Throne

Miss Hilda Starkey

In her presentation gown of white *ninon de soie*

Miss Enid Bethell

Presented by her mother, Mrs. Alfred Bethell

Photos

Miss Dorothea Brodrick

Grand-daughter of the seventh Viscount Midleton

Speaight

Mrs. Tresyllian Williams

Presented on the occasion of her marriage, wore a handsome gown of Limerick lace

The scene at the first Court of 1909 was very brilliant. Quite a feature was the beauty of the bouquets carried, which were quite exceptional for a winter Court. Their Majesties took a great deal of notice of the many charming débutantes, some of whom showed great nervousness

The Amateur Servant of the Public

A PLEA FOR NON-PROFESSIONAL HISTRIONIC TALENT

AT a public meeting held at His Majesty's Theatre for the purpose of inaugurating the Academy of Dramatic Art, the writer vividly remembers an utterance of Mr. Tree's to the effect that "Acting cannot be taught." The great actor-manager said that he was prepared to write this profession of irresponsibility in golden letters over the portals of the academy. The audience looked intensely pleased, and flocked out of the stalls to dress for the opera.

Save Us from Our Cultured Friends!

It is a very happy state of affairs for us all. There are few people who have not been tempted at one time or another to try their hand at amateur acting, and toleration—just ordinary toleration—of the essays of the ingenuous (perpetrated after twelve lessons) would have been a very serious thing for such of us as have to rely on the artificial for the sustenance of our simplicity. But the amateur who cannot act is not tolerated. He finds his level even more surely than the untalented professional.

Wanted: A Fireproof Bushel

At the risk of shocking our professional readers, we say unhesitatingly that the dividing line between what we must call the West-End professional and the representative amateur of such clubs as the Vaudeville, Hampstead, Wyndham, Bancroft, Kit Marlowe, Old Stagers, and many more that we might name, is exceedingly difficult to draw. There are, of course, no Trees, no Forbes Robertsons, no Wyndhams in the amateur ranks, but their one-time successors are most certainly there. No actor of supreme talent remains in amateurland, just as no genius at painting, sculpture, or singing is allowed to be *dilettante*. Nature is too proud of her most brilliant children to allow them to hide their light under a bushel. Not that one really could hide a bonfire under four pecks, Mr. Tree.

The Amateur's Greater Experience!

The amateur actor is a great deal more experienced than the average West-End walking gentleman. He is given his chance in every kind of rôle, and thereby attains a most enviable versatility. He is playing or rehearsing practically six nights in every week in the winter. There are scores and scores of men and women in London of whom this is literally true. He plays in theatres, at hospitals, asylums, town halls, canteens, workhouses, tents, and in his own drawing-room. He plays on every sized stage imaginable—even on curtainless platforms. He rehearses under all types of stage-managers, often expert professionals. He plays in the full glare of up-to-date electric lighting, in the pale sneer of gas, in the yellow dusk of lamp-light. With or without limes, he is very much at your service. Footlights, headlights, neither their presence nor absence disturbs him. He can adapt himself to any conditions.

Where the Professional Scores

Do the critics of amateur performances realise that very often the actors never see the stage, the scenery, and the furniture till the night of the performance? Most professionals would shudder at the notion. The amateur is accustomed to it, and has a happy knack of playing among properties widely different from what he was led to expect at rehearsals as if he were at home is in own rooms. Confusion there often is, and must be, with such a handicap, but such mistakes should not bias the critic against the amateur actor. Had he the advantages of his professional brother in the way of stage rehearsals, his productions would be well worthy of the hall-mark of the half-guinea stall.

BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA

NEPTUNE (*appearing at an awkward moment*): "My dance, I think"

(BY T. EDWARD MARTLEW)

A Daring Estimate

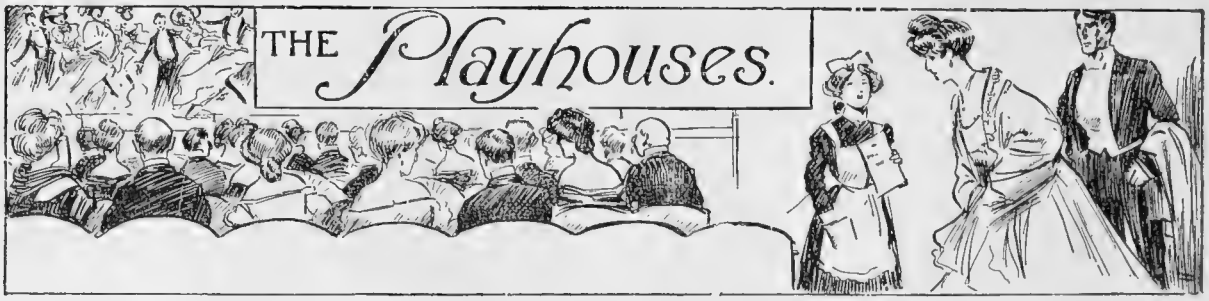
It will be pretty clear from the foregoing that it is the talent of the amateur actor that is commended to the

public notice rather than the productions in which he takes part. Bad mounting and the rough edges consequent on lack of stage-rehearsal spoil his *ensemble*. But in the art of acting a part and conveying a correct atmosphere he can well hold his own. The writer has twice witnessed professional productions in the West-End of London and twice amateur productions of that charming extravaganza, *His Excellency the Governor*. From the two amateur performances it would have been an easy matter to select a cast to eclipse that of either of the professional performances, character for character.

Acting cannot be taught. It requires a special talent, and hundreds of English amateurs have that talent. In the land of the serious amateur actor the incapable are very quickly sent to the wall. It is not too much to say that, with the necessary exclusion of real genius, the amateur actor is as surely the equal of his London professional colleague as the amateur is the equal of the professional in sport. B. MACDONALD HASTINGS.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

"Good Sir, methinks thou hast escaped from yonder dungeon [*BY GEORGE MORROW*



BY ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

CRITERION THEATRE

"The Real Woman"

A novelist has this great advantage over a dramatist. He has plenty of room in which to turn round. He can reach a climax by an exceedingly roundabout course, and can seize the opportunity to interest us in scenes and incidents upon the journey. He can even create a character and let that character develop as the story proceeds. Thus he can introduce us to an avaricious man, and let life so mould that man as to turn him, in the last chapter, into a philanthropist. He roughs in his figure, and then lovingly, carefully, elaborately, with a little touch here, a little touch there, he works up to the finished portrait.

There is no doubt but that Mr. Hichens, armed with his usual tools, could make a very moving human story of *The Real Woman*. When we had read page 382, and *finis* had sprung to the eyes, we should have known the characters intimately, and would not lightly have forgotten either their main characteristics or the principal events in their lives.

An Insincere Heroine

But, after leaving the Criterion Theatre, we wonder vaguely what type of woman is Lady Arden, and why her supposed attribute of reality should have given the play its title. As hostess at a supper-party in the first act she is a Society butterfly. She flits here and there, indulging in "smart" dialogue with her guests.

Evidently she is intended by the author to be shallow, insincere, pleasure-loving. If she had been a sympathetic or a womanly woman she would never have taken the wager that she would bring to her feet Hugh Graham, an earnest, serious-minded young man, who devotes his life to Settlement work among the poor.

The whole business of Carruther's wager rings false. By taxing our imagination we can just—only just—accept the probability of a gentlewoman taking such a bet. But, having arrived at this stage of belief, we lose all interest in the future of the lady. She ceases to be a heroine any longer.

The Reality of Lady Arden

Now, it is a heroine that Mr. Hichens intends her to be. And in the narrow compass of two short acts and a half he attempts to develop the latent womanliness in Lady Arden's nature.

The author sends her down (in gorgeous evening toilette) to the East End. He shows her helpless when commanded by Graham to aid in the task of making a poultice to relieve the sufferings of a poor cripple boy who is dying. She thinks the linseed is porridge, and makes a fool of herself in general. But she is touched to the quick by the physical sufferings of the dying boy and by the mental anguish of his sister. The author has attempted to develop the reality of Lady Arden.

But he has not had sufficient room in which to turn round.

He should read Ibsen, and grasp what a tremendous lot must happen before even a dramatist can permit the curtain to be rung up. And Mr. Hichens, instead of making up for valuable ground lost, opens in the most dilatory fashion. His Society talk almost fills the first act.

Miss Annie Hughes to the Rescue

It is not clever talk, and were it not for the amusement created by Miss Annie Hughes, in the rôle of the Duchess of Dorchester, this supper-party would fall woefully flat. The guests are not given a chance to stamp their individuality upon the audience. Two at least of them are mere figureheads, and we only guess that Miss Evelyn Millard, evidently puzzled by the true inwardness of Lady Arden's character, did not help the fortunes of the play.

Miss Kate Cutler's Success

The best-drawn character, and the best-played, is the cripple's sister, Diana Woodham. Miss Kate Cutler gave such a vivid portrayal of grief that she showed up all the other characters for the puppets they are.

Mr. Herbert Waring is playing the villain of the piece (Horace Carruthers) by his make-up. It transpires later that Carruthers has ruined the cripple's sister, but this sub-plot is not skilfully worked.

It is a thousand pities that an author as distinguished as Mr. Hichens in his own line should fail to grasp the technique of another branch of literature. And what makes the situation more distressing is the obvious fact that he has tried to adapt himself to the new conditions. But in the attempt to be dramatic he has succeeded merely in being theatrical in its bad sense.

ALDWYCH THEATRE

"Philopoena" and "The Collegettes"

If the Americans understand the art of pulling a musical comedy to pieces and building it up again in a few weeks, success may yet attend Miss Marie Dressler's opening production at the Aldwych Theatre.

At present, *Philopoena* and *The Collegettes* are, to put it mildly, rather bewildering. There is too much for the money, and the features, which are either beyond our intelligence or too strenuous for our nerves,

A Notable Revival

BY NORMAN MORROW

ought to be ruthlessly cut out. In our own musical comedy we have become hardened to "special turns," but with the star of the piece such a highly specialised artist it would be better if the rest of the company at the Aldwych were given parts to play written on more normal lines.

It takes years for a manager to learn even his own public. Many never succeed in learning the lesson. They frankly own that when the curtain goes up they are absolutely in the dark as to the manner in which the piece will be received. They hug themselves with joy over the prospects of a play—and it fails. They are positively bulldozed into producing another—and it is a *succès fou*. Still, there are people who have the

Miss Connie Ediss

It will be sad news to the many admirers of this most original of comediennes, of whom the above is an excellent likeness, to hear that she lies seriously ill in America

"nose" for the requirements of the playgoing public, just as there are newspaper men who have a "nose" for news.

Advice to Managers

Managers embarking on the difficult task of pleasing a foreign public (for, in the matter of plays, language is not always a bond of union between England and America) might well take the trouble to take expert advice before ringing up the curtain. If the expert cannot tell them whether the production will be a success or a failure, at any rate he ought to be able to give them valuable "tips" upon the features which are *likely* to take and those which are *likely* to prove a "frost."

Even such slight revision as this may just turn the scales in favour of success. There is much in the two musical plays at the Aldwych which any constant English playgoer who had been privileged to watch a rehearsal would have condemned out of hand. They may be very good features, but they don't please our public.

Miss Marie Dressler is a laughter-maker, to whom we extend the most cordial hand of welcome. For her sake we hope that she will quickly master the difficult task of catering for English audiences. There are many elements which make for success in the two pieces. The score is full of melody, the dresses and their wearers are pretty, and the scenery most picturesque. What is wanted is the blue pencil used unsparingly.

E. C. S.

"The Yeomen of the Guard"

For four weeks only! We ask the pardon of the Savoy management, but we are utterly incredulous. There is no more entirely satisfactory opera in the whole of the Gilbert and Sullivan series than this, certainly not one in which the lyrics are more graceful, and, with the possible exception of *Haddon Hall* and *Iolanthe*, not one in which the genius of Sullivan shines brighter. The present cast is admirable. Mr. Rutland Barrington was highly successful in his first trial of the part of Wilfred Shadbolt, Mr. C. H. Workman's Jack Point was as brilliant as of yore, and there was a rare welcome for Mr. Richard Temple in his old rôle of Sergeant Meryll. Mr. Cellier conducted the opera, to the delight of all good Savoyards, and Sir William Gilbert was called at the finish.

ROUND THE HALLS

The New Ballet at the Alhambra

What an excellent stroke of business it was on the part of the management to include Mr. Frank Lawton, of *Belle of New York* fame, in the cast of the new ballet, "On the Square." Mr. Lawton in addition to giving his inimitable whistling solo, adds to his reputation as a dancer in several *pas de deux* with Miss Elise Clerc. Especially clever and most amusing is the "take-off" of the Apache Dance, as may be imagined from the fact that the dancers represent Mrs. Carrie Nation and a barman. The scene of the new divertissement is laid in Herald Square, New York, and, obviously, no expense has been spared in making the picture as true to life as possible. Mlle. Britta has some most attractive dances, in several of which she is admirably supported by the Alhambra Corps de Ballet. Topsy, the coloured dancer, whose breathless pirouettings are quite features of the ballet, comes in for much applause.

Classic Craze Continued

The Pavilion is another hall to succumb to the cult of the *danse classique*. Here the Divine Amylla gives interpretations of Chopin's Mazurka in B Flat Major, Chopin's Funeral March, Rubinstein's Valse Caprice, and an original Greek dance and song, entitled "Phydra," this last by Mlle. Amylla herself. Mlle. Amylla is a graceful dancer, and the turn should prove popular.

EMPIRE.—A DAY IN PARIS. Beats All Records.
LYDIA KYASHT, FRED FARREN, B. COLLIER, Etc.
WINTER IN HOLLAND. And Specially Selected Varieties.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

A Naiad of London Town

Photo *Lallie Charles*

MISS VIOLET LEWIN

The pretty daughter of Colonel Lewin, is a magnificent swimmer, and has just obtained a special award at the Bath Club

Random Jottings

We should accept with reserve the calculations of the swaying of the earth's crust due to "earth tides." The experiments have mainly been carried out in cellars.

* * *

Recruiting is still going on in consequence of *An Englishman's Home*. Even Mr. Frohman is thinking of forming several companies.

* * *

Three well-known German gymnasts were summoned for an audience by the Crown Prince, and presented by him with cuff-links. They have so often given each other cuffs that these should be found useful.

* * *

Although he is not an alarmist, the Governor of Bengal declares that he believes it is essential for everyone to be a Volunteer. The remark reminds us of that of the Irish orator: "I don't wish to say anything offensive or disrespectful, but of all the misbegotten, underhand, moth-eaten, scoundrelly countries England is the most iniquitous on the face of this earth!"

* * *

Answer to "Mother of Seventeen" (by "Lady Trixie").—Yes, we agree with you that skating rinks are hardly the place for young girls. Olympia brazenly advertised that its races were frequented by the "fastest men in Europe."

* * *

A Bootless Task

(*A new Society fashion is the cothurnologiste, who reads character from the soles of the boots.*)

My *understanding* she can probe
And all my past unroll;
Makes me come in to heel, to boot,
And bare my inmost sole!

* * *

("*You cannot tell a man's character by his clothes; they may not be his own.*"—Mr. A. Muirhead.)

"You can—he is a thief."—Bystander.

* * *

However we may whine about bad trade, one industry, at least, is booming—cremation. Sir Charles Cameron declares that last year broke all records, and there is "abundant evidence of a widespread and ever-increasing interest in the progress of the system." Then why be downhearted? With any sort of luck we ought to have a really bully crop of cremations this year! Whoopee, hooray!

* * *

Mr. Muir has declared that "the only comfortable place in the Old Bailey is the dock." So much so that prisoners have sometimes to be carried out of it struggling by the police.

* * *

The *Pester Journal*, of Budapesth, which has been pestering Servia a good deal of late, states that the Austrian Army has been laying in large stores of tinned foods. We knew things were pretty desperate, but, surely, it hasn't come to this!

* * *

From the Current Advertisement Columns:

"Wanted, hand bier on wheels; secondhand. Vicar, etc."

"Fried Fish wanted at once." (From a shopkeepers' journal.) Probably by one of the unemployed; we understand that the advertiser would also be glad of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, and a consignment of apple dumplings.

* * *

We lend our unconditional approval to the horse census to be taken by the War Office. The supply of British and foreign meat does not go anywhere near accounting for our yearly output of sausages, while the absence of reliable statistics of the mortality of horses forces us to the suspicion that their disposal is purposely shrouded in mystery.

* * *

"Work? What's that?" a prisoner asked with polite interest of the constable who arrested him. They guided him sadly to the cells and gave him a grounding in the first elements.

* * *

Two hundred and twenty-three pounds odd were spent during the last year at the Foreign Office on new locks and keys to protect confidential documents. How much was spent on this department at Dublin Castle is not stated, but a largely increased outlay is said to be under consideration at Berlin by Prince von Buelow.

Young Men, Keep Calm!

The lady above is charming, and has fascinating eyes. But, alas! she *is* not. Hers is but the face and bust of a dummy in use at a Parisian millinery establishment, where they have the idea that dummies should look more animated! And quite right too. Living ones, please copy

The Artist and His Appetite

HOW WE LIVE

Friend: "Gad! Quarter-past six. Must get. When do you dine, old man?"
Artist (*absently*): "Every other Friday"

Oh! for a Kingship!

WITH SUBJECTS SUCH AS SHE

MISS CLARE LYNCH, NOW PLAYING IN "THE KING OF CADONIA" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE

Joy attend you, pretty Clare!
May your pathway be as fair
As the daffodils that linger in the sunlight of your hair!

The "Bystander" Short Stories

The Answer of Allah

BY WENTON STERNE

"THOU Power that makest things otherwise at Thy will, by all the names by which men call on Thee, Amon, Bel, Brahm, Allah, give me this my love for mine. Make it possible, without shame or sorrow. Somehow, if Thou art God, it must and can be done. If we have deserved well by not believing any of the lies they tell about Thee, show Thy favour. Thou canst do all we want so easily, and we want it so much."

The man's voice broke on the last words. A light of laughter shone in the eyes of the girl at his side, but she said nothing. He led her away gently. They passed out at the great gate, and went down the steps to the courtyard.

The stillness of a cold weather evening brooded over the enchanted precincts of Agra Fort. The myriad voices of the city rose in a faint and distant cadence of indistinguishable harmony, composed of booming gongs, softly ringing bells of sweet tone, the lowing of oxen, the droning talk of the bazaars, the cooing of pigeons, and the haunting chant of women as they trod the dusty white road below.

The dying sunbeams lingered on the three foamlike domes and the delicate crystal kiosks of the Pearl Mosque. The colonnades, with their delicious cool recesses and the marble pavement, still warm from the sun's kisses, were already draped in their robes of shadowed opal, which the moon would transfigure later into a sheen of diaphanous silver.

The desecrated sanctuary, the essential holiness of which no intrusion of aliens or fury of invading idolaters has ever availed to disturb, had been the scene of an act of devotion so strange and daring that even its dazzling purity might have been flushed with a passing glow of passion.

"What's the good of praying? What are we going to do?" asked the girl as they left the courtyard.

"Heaven alone knows," said the man.

"That's why you asked it," she replied, with a quick smile.

"Just so," he answered gravely.

"You are a dear, silly thing, and that's why I love you."

"I've often wondered."

The girl looked at him with a sudden gravity. There was a ring of hopelessness in his voice that struck on her ear with the arresting insistence of a discord. She bit her lip, and quickened her step. They passed down the steep, paved road to the Delhi Gate. There a dog-cart stood waiting, the well-fed pony apparently lost in a reverie, and the syce squatting on the ground at its head. The motionless vehicle seemed to fit naturally into the grey background of the ancient city.

The girl pointed to the animal, and said, with a touch of asperity:

"You see, your low spirits are infectious. Well, I'll wake that little beast up, anyhow, though I may fail with loftier intelligences."

Julian Carroll's set face relaxed.

"All right, little lovely," he replied. "Please yourself, whatever happens. It's the simplest system, and often the most effective. Sorry I'm such a bore. But I've been thinking like the devil."

The spell of silence that the Pearl Mosque had thrown on them was broken. The syce bustled about with as near an approach to speed as self-respect permitted. But Eva Verinder looked on impatiently.

"What a time these people take over everything," she said. "We shall have to make Billy step out if I'm to get dressed before dinner. That ghastly prayer of yours has got on my nerves, Ju. What did you do it for?"

As a matter of fact, they were ready in about two minutes. The girl sat in the driver's seat, and started the pony on its journey with half a dozen sharp cuts of the whip. The syce swung himself on to the back step, wondering, as usual, at the madness of the sahib-log, who could dawdle for an hour in an empty building and must then annihilate time and space to make up for it.

They tore on in silence for some minutes. The pace was, to a certain extent, an anodyne for thought. Julian Carroll watched his companion with a covert eagerness as she relentlessly urged the pony onward. And as he looked at her his desire for her grew ever greater, and the protests of his reason seemed but feeble obstacles to the onrush of his emotions.

She was so delicious, so utterly adorable. So maddeningly out of reach, and yet, in a sense, so entirely his, that he preferred at such moments to enjoy her with his eyes and to close his ears altogether to the whispers of his conscience and the muffled thunders of mere worldly wisdom. What did these things matter, as long as her clear-cut profile dominated all his vision, and her light laughter drowned all other sounds of earth and sky?

For this girl had dropped, as he liked to think, straight from some outer universe, to save him from the tyranny of the commonplace.

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Had a magician's wand suddenly transferred Julian Carroll, married man and barrister, thirty-five and fully insured, to the pavement of Pall Mall, the imaginations that were running riot in his mind would have changed immediately to a due interest in the cut of his trousers and the shape of his silk hat. Eva Verinder would then have become merely an agreeable acquaintance, an adequate partner at a dance or a dinner. For the rest, it would never have occurred to him that any man might rate the whole world well lost for the sake of a woman's lips, or that his balanced brain could fail to ignore the promptings of that ill-regulated organ, the human heart.

"Go on, you lazy little brute," he heard her saying, as she leaned forward with dilated nostrils and plied her pitiless whip.

"Aren't you satisfied yet?" he asked presently. The girl turned towards him. Her eyes were glancing with excitement.

"No," she answered; "I love to make him go. I like the feeling of power over him."

"You're a cruel child."

"Well, what if I am? One must take one's fun when one can get it. I like to have my own way now and again, instead of always being driven. Ah, would you?"

The pony had stumbled slightly, and then sprung forward, to escape, if possible, the chastisement which it anticipated.

Eva Verinder laughed.

"Never mind, Billy, you'll catch it all the same. Won't I make you kick now!"

Julian Carroll interposed.

"Come, come, he's doing all he knows, poor devil."

"So am I; look here."

She lashed the pony mercilessly. The cropped tail rose with dull thuds against the tail-net as the cart sped on.

"You'll have us over directly, and that'll be an end to all things."

"I don't care. Why should Billy have a good time when we can't? Let the brute feel something, that's what I say. However, we're nearly there now. Buck up, Billy, and remember there's balm in Gilead, and crushed food for sore ponies."

"Is that all the consolation you can offer him?"

"I suppose the mem-sahib will give him sugar, as usual, and say, 'Oh, how hot he is!'"

The man's face clouded. She knew so well how to annoy him.

The whip was thrust abruptly into the socket.

Two stucco gate-posts and a long, winding drive appeared. She took the reins in her right hand, and laid the other on Carroll's knee.

"Sorry, Ju," she said. "I was a brute."

He took the gloved fingers and raised them to his lips.

"You don't know," he said slowly, "how you hurt me sometimes."

He dropped her hand again as they drove up to the house. Mrs. Carroll stood under the porch, already dressed for dinner, picking some dead leaves from a climbing rose-tree.

She glanced at the panting pony, and frowned.

"Billy, dear," she said, "you are too hot to pat."

The two descended from the cart and went into the house.

A white-robed khitmagar brought out a crust of bread and some lumps of sugar. Mrs. Carroll signed to the syce to take off the pony's bridle. She looked at the heaving flanks and noted the lines left by the cruel whip. She fed the creature with the dainties, while her eyes grew hard.

"Needs must," she muttered, "when Somebody drives."

Then she told the syce to take away the carriage, and watched it out of sight.

As she turned she heard a sound of hoofs in the near distance. She listened for a moment, and then went slowly to the verandah to await the guest.

Julian Carroll came out again just in time, dressed in the easy garb befitting an unceremonial occasion. He looked pale and drawn, none the less, and grateful for the subdued lights that temper the darkness of an Indian night. The rising moon touched the trees in the compound with its exquisite silver point and massed the shadows in their proper distinction with the delicate adjustment of a perfect etching. The lamps, red-shaded, cast their lambent beams across the dinner-table. The verandah was illuminated only by such radiance as flooded through the open windows, to mingle its warm orange with the pale shimmer of the moon. Now and again a group of flying-foxes, as they darted overhead, threw fantastic shadows for a moment on the spacious sweep of the drive, or a whirling bat cut through the air on its swift and eccentric flight.

Major Everton, of the British infantry regiment that was then in cantonments, was an old friend of Julian. They had been at Eton together, and had kept in touch more or less through the various vicissitudes which had marked their subsequent careers. The Major, who was expecting to get the command of his battalion shortly, looked the older man of the two. The years had dealt somewhat hardly with him. His raven hair and moustache were already streaked with grey, while the clean-shaven face of Carroll showed only those mobile lines about the mouth that mark the advocate or the public speaker.

The three reclined in long chairs in the verandah, sipping Vermouth and waiting for Eva Verinder. They talked of the small affairs of local interest, the garden-party given by the General, the approaching visit of the Lieutenant-Governor, and the condition of the Colonel's health. Before they had exhausted the last topic the curtain that hung over a side door was drawn back, and the girl stood before them.

She was dressed in a simple white dress, and her only adornment was a heavy turquoise necklace of uneven stones around her throat. The others rose at once, and the party passed into the dining-room without any formal pairing.

After the meal the girl went into the drawing-room and settled herself in a chair to look at magazines. Mrs. Carroll threw a light cashmere wrap over her shoulders and sought the congenial silence of the verandah. These two at least made no pretences to one another. During the whole fortnight that Eva Verinder's stay had lasted the mistress of the house had never accorded her anything but the most frigid tolerance.

The men sat smoking over their wine. They avoided the inevitable discussion until their cigars were

(*Continued on page 500*)

A Dainty Deity of Montmartre

THE ADORABLE MLLE. BAXONE, IDOL OF FRENCH THEATRE-GOERS

To the impressionable Parisian poet she is "Vénus à Cythère" and "Minerve en Parabère," in fact, almost everything in "ère." Her salary is said to amount to a franc per frill-flutter

(*Continued from page 498*)

well alight. Both knew that it had to come, and that it would be of a nature that might well sever a friendship that was very dear.

Julian Carroll took the plunge at last.

"Well, Hubert," he said, without looking up. "What am I to do?"

The Major slowly removed the cigar from his lips, and said:

"The straight thing, of course. Why ask?"

"It'll be most infernally hard."

"Not unlikely. You didn't tell me things had gone so far already."

Julian sat up straight.

"What do you mean?"

The Major looked at him steadily.

"Just this," he replied. "You gave me to understand that there was some doubt, I might say hope. I can't see any. That girl behaves as if the whole place belonged to her, and your wife is too broken-hearted to interfere."

Carroll drummed on the table with the fingers of his left hand, but made no answer.

The Major proceeded.

"Don't try and persuade me that you care a damn for my opinion, or anybody else's. You have always gone your own way since we were kids. But it isn't like you, Ju, to make a woman suffer. When you picked this girl up and brought her away from the Selvidges' after that shoot you must have known what would happen. But you might have thought of it from your wife's point of view as well."

"Well, Hubert, I'll be as frank as I can. I simply loathe your so-called good women. Why can't they understand that a man must have variety, and that there are different sides to his character which all cry aloud for satisfaction."

The Major poured himself out another glass of port.

"Now you're talking drivel," he said; "and nauseating drivel at that. I want to see you do the thing properly, or chuck it all up."

"Explain the latter alternative," said Julian, "and I'll consider it."

Thus encouraged, the Major spoke freely, with passionless and unemotional simplicity. Ignoring its complexities, he hewed at the Gordian knot with soldierly directness. Julian listened in silence, less interested than he appeared. He had no desire to quarrel, and was, besides, well aware of the mainspring of the Major's unstudied eloquence. Then the solution of the problem burst on him suddenly, with the staggering brilliance of a revelation. He leant forward and said abruptly:

"Look here, Hubert, can't you step into the breach?"

"That is my idea."

"You will sacrifice yourself to save the situation?"

"Exactly."

"Now, at once?"

"Now, at once."

"Well, state your terms. I'll agree to anything."

Major Everton rose from the table.

"Give me half an hour," he said. "Stay here, or go out, as you please, but don't come near any of us until the time is up."

"Mayn't I go to Eva?"

"Certainly not, or I withdraw my offer."

Julian considered.

"I accept," he said. "I will stay here and play with a brief for to-morrow. In half an hour we will all meet and talk things out."

The Major went out, closing the door behind him. He saw Mrs. Carroll in the verandah, but she did not look round. Then he heard the girl drop another magazine on the pile beside her chair. With unfaltering step he crossed the hall and went into the drawing-room.

Julian Carroll sat for that half hour with his brief on his knees. Not one syllable did he read of its many typewritten pages. In the wreaths of smoke that circled round him he saw visions. Hubert, best of friends, retired from the Service, and living quietly with Mrs. Carroll in some Continental *oubliette*. Himself for some few months the deserted husband, finding in his work a refuge from remembrance. Then the acceptance of the inevitable, with its delicious sequel, his marriage with Eva, and the resumption of ordinary life with a change of partners. Hubert was certainly one in a thousand. As unquestionably he was himself an astute player of the cards of destiny. The new dispensation held sweet promises. Decidedly the God of the Pearl Mosque was the God of gods.

The door opened, and he sprang to his feet. Major Everton stood before him, holding Eva's hand.

"Julian," he said, "congratulate me."

Julian Carroll looked wildly from one to the other.

"Eva," he said at last, "what does it all mean?"

She turned to her companion.

"Tell him," said said; "I can't. I will go and get some things for the night."

As she went up the stairs Mrs. Carroll came in from the verandah. Hearing the voices in the dining-room she stood still and listened.

"I have proposed to Miss Verinder," said the Major clearly, "and she has done me the honour to accept me."

Mrs. Carroll leant against a table. The world seemed all unreal. She heard as in a dream the passionate protests of her husband, breaking like spray on the rocks before the calm resolution of the soldier.

Presently the girl came down, followed by her ayah, who carried a dressing-case and a small portmanteau. The Major's dog-cart drew up to the door. The two men emerged from the dining-room, and the four actors in this little drama stood face to face.

Eva Verinder went up to her hostess with outstretched hand.

"Ever so many thanks for having me here," she said easily. "Major Everton thinks he had better take me at once to Colonel and Mrs. Galsworthy. I will send for my other things in the morning."

Then she turned to Julian.

"Good-bye, Mr. Carroll," she said; "I hope you will win your case to-morrow."

With a supreme effort Julian pulled himself together and handed her to her seat. She leant over the side of the cart and whispered:

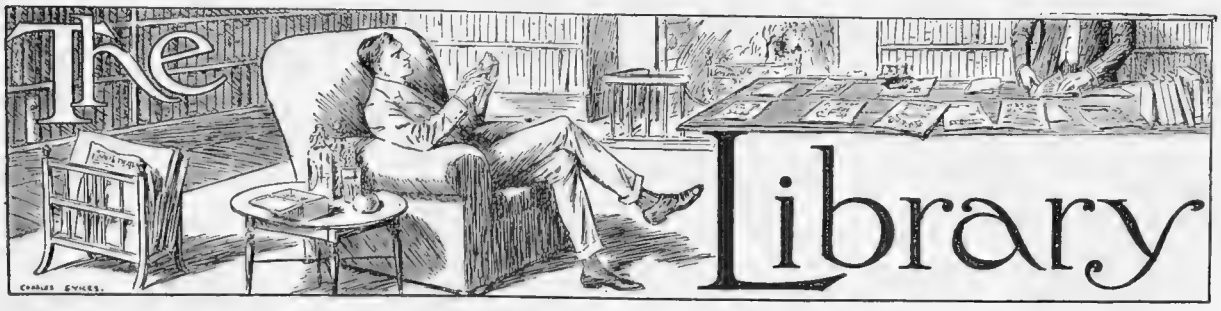
"He made me see it, Ju. I'm not the brute you think me."

On the verandah, meanwhile, Mrs. Carroll looked into the Major's face.

"Is it really worth while?" she asked.

"I have read somewhere," he replied softly, "that greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

WENTON STERNE.



The Newest Journalism!

The English Review is a publication which has the literary rather than the journalistic outlook. It prints poems. Also articles in foreign languages. It allows "reminiscences" (those of Mr. Joseph Conrad are now running), and it gave first to the world Mr. H. G. Wells's *Tono-Bungay* as a serial, in chapters of positively terrifying length. It has done other daring things defiant of the "snippet" fashion of the day. But the most original of these is to print an article by Mr. Hilaire Belloc containing certain startling revelations regarding Cabinet Ministers, Colonial Governors, the Jameson Raid, Dublin Castle, etc., etc., with the names and facts blacked out *à la Russe*. Thus:

A Cabinet Minister (let us say) [redacted] Supposing such a thing to take place, what information would the public have upon it?

Another hypothesis: Suppose a Colonial Governor [redacted] Supposing such a thing to happen, how many Englishmen in a million would hear of it?

As Mr. Belloc's article is an attack on the excessive reticence of the Press in circulating the inner truths about things, this method of treating his own article is distinctly ironic. However, the idea is a happy one. The mind is at once set agog speculating what Cabinet Minister, what Colonial Governor is referred to, and carefully making itself up on the basis of something recently heard at the club. The Editor explains his action in blacking out Mr. Belloc's "revelations" as designed to save libel actions. Again, the irony! As if a lot of black lines were not quite as damnatory to the Cabinet Minister, whoever he may be, as the actual statement would have been.

A Group of Sub-Atlantic Readers!

Reading *The Bystander* at lunch-time in the Levant Tin and Copper Mine, off the coast of Cornwall, 2,000 feet under the Atlantic. The heat is so great (about 100° Fahr.) at this depth that the miners have to work stripped, as here depicted

Very Nice Novels

Novel-readers have, this week, two first-rate examples of the work of two of the younger writers in *The Firing Line* and *The Dartmoor House that Jack Built*. Mr. R. W. Chambers and Mr. John Trevena are, nowadays, names to conjure with. Each, we know, writes delightfully about the country with whose life and manners he is most familiar. Mr. Chambers is, perhaps, the most delightful of America's fictionists to take as his speciality the doings of the upper classes over the water. His people correspond rather with the country-folk of our land than with the denizens of Mayfair. One reads of them, and feels that they are quite the "nicest" class of people one has ever dreamed of. All the girls, as the song says, are "lov-er-ly-lover-ly"; all the men are, well—bravish. But they have just the touch of refinement and "Greekness" which makes their conduct problematic. The R. W. Chambers's youth is invariably an unknown quantity, wherefore is he a more interesting, if less heroic, figure than his prototype in English fiction. The action of Mr. Chambers's story is in Florida; the young man enjoys the delightful profession of landscape architect, on the large scale. While yachting off Palm Beach, a sea-maiden appears unto him; he calls her Calypso, and just as the acquaintance bids fair to be interesting, she swims off again. When they meet again, on *terra firma*, she proves to be the adopted daughter of the rich man for whom the hero is to work, and a pretty romance ensues, turning on the obscurity of the girl's origin, and also on a secret marriage she has contracted with another man in the story.

Mr. Trevena in Lighter Vein

Mr. Trevena's book is quite light, and quite humorous. It tells of the mystery surrounding *The Man*—a monstrous person who is building a house on the moor above the village of Lew—and also of the

authorship of a disgraceful novel which has "libelled" the whole of the village by telling the truth about its various inhabitants. At first, one, and then another, person is accused by the indignant yokels of having written "the buke"; the actual author is discovered, later, to be the person least suspected. The monster turns out to be nothing of the kind, and, altogether. Mr. Trevena makes light of everything, and is here found in his most entertaining vein—a pleasant contrast from the sombreness of his *Furze the Cruel* and the ultra-realism of *Heather*.

A Woman's Novel on Woman

Edith May Moore feels that she has a message to give to the world, and she has set it forth in her first novel, *The Lure of Eve* (Cassell: 6*s*.). The kernel of her theme may best be revealed by a quotation from the first chapter, in which the hero, Arthur Laine, inveighs against "the unsatisfying cults of the day, Paganism, Pessimism, Pragmatism—the shrivelled philosophies flung at a starving humanity! And behind the shut door—The Secret—with a woman holding the key." Like Laine, Mrs. Moore has attempted in a book that which Watts once attempted in a picture, a profound view of the place of woman in the evolving scheme of things, and if, on putting the volume down, one feels that she has not in *her* book been quite so successful as Laine was with *Woman and Destiny*, she has, nevertheless, given a striking character-study in Annabel Laine of an utterly soulless and selfish woman. Laine believes that "in purified human passion is the ultimate hope of mankind, meaning, as it would, a clean body and exalted spirit, the way of the soul to light," but in his striving after its attainment he is baulked in every move by his beautiful wife, who lacks even the selflessness to be passionate. Not till he realises that his wife cannot become one with him in his aspirations and ideals, and that he must be content to worship the best in her, her beauty, does he succeed. It is a daring theme, and, bearing in mind the almost limitless expanse the subject throws open, it is finely worked out. The type of woman we all know, and if only the trouble is taken to look below the surface it is almost terrifying to realise how many belong in a greater or lesser degree thereto.

Amusing Extravaganza

Sir William Magnay has again proved himself a master of sensational fiction in his latest book, *A Poached Peerage*. A defaulting clerk, a socially ambitious millionaire, and a penniless peer form the chief characters. Peckover, the clerk, on the eve of his apprehension, is just about to take poison in his champagne, which has formed part of a luxurious meal intended to be his last, when he is interrupted by the arrival of Lord Quorn, cousin and heir of the late peer, who has just come home from Australia. In the course of a conversation he tells Peckover that he is dogged by a deserted "flame" and her bushranger brother. By some mistake, however, he partakes of the poisoned champagne, and, apparently, expires. Peckover hits upon the happy idea of assuming Lord Quorn's identity, as he is unknown in England, and has hardly done so when the third actor in the drama enters in the person of Gage, a millionaire. The latter enters into a bargain with Peckover to let him assume the title for a consideration of £5,000 a year. The subsequent adventures are highly diverting, and form a most readable extravaganza. Of course by the way, the real Lord Quorn does not die, but turns up later, a satisfactory unravelment closing the book.

The Loneliest Temple in the World!

This snow-covered chapel is situated on the top of the Arber, the highest mountain of the Bohemian Forest

Volcanic Twins—Fuego and Acatenango

GUATEMALA BOASTS THE ONLY TWIN VOLCANOES IN THE WORLD

Escuintla, a noted Guatemalan winter resort, is a centre of interest to tourists on account of its wonderful pair of volcanoes. Fuego is still active, but Acatenango is quiescent

A Woman's Note Book

"Keeping" Lent

While fashion "keeps Lent" in these latter days far more rigorously and vigorously than was the custom ten years ago, fashion also makes the task much easier. For, to consider only one point, it *is* easier to do a thing when other people are also doing it, and even good works themselves, unfortunately, gain a certain popularity and sweetness from the fact that they are as "correct" for the season as certain up-to-date gowns seen in our shop windows. Thus, too, when a great concourse of people all desire to do or unite in doing a specific act or actions, either by the general consent of public opinion or in some other manner, they are offered "special conveniences." If a sufficient number of inhabitants in a given town wish to travel, it is worth while to improve the train service to suit them; if a sufficient number of little maid-servants of rather inferior mental outlook have too much spare time on their hands, the inevitable result ensues, and penny novelettes flood the market; while from the point of view of Lent, if only fasting and working for the poor happens to be the fashion, the Lenten menu proves itself capable of infinite attractions, and the gayest little social gatherings form themselves as though by magic to ply the needle for poorer brethren. Nor do these incongruities invariably strike even the most sincere and well-meaning people. I knew an old lady of irreproachable piety and a deep desire to "keep" Lent, who always ordered salmon, regardless of expense, on Good Friday. Somehow it appeared as Lenten fare to her, though, as a matter of fact, she preferred it to any other.

The Lenten Working Party

Perhaps the pet abomination of Lent is the working party. It has not a redeeming feature. If persons would sit in their own homes and make clothes for the poor I should think their Lenten work self-denying and admirable. But no; they must meet together. Sometimes they gossip and take away one neighbour's character while stitching warm flannel and providing thus for the welfare of another. Sometimes they quarrel, and sometimes they are merely silly. But when they are silly, a trait which may appear really quite inoffensive, they prove highly irritating to the nerves and tempers of the others who don't want to be silly. Always there is a great deal of conversation (unless a book, which never pleases more than a third of the company, is read by someone who generally has a disagreeable voice and no talent for reading); always there is a great deal of tea-drinking, and time-wasting; and usually there is very little work in the question. There are so many ways of performing acts of charity that it seems a pity the idea still lingers that one must take up a special form, however unsuitable to natural capabilities, because of the shining example of one's next door neighbour. Working parties need a high vocation; it is quite absurd to suppose they are a handy way of performing a little meritorious work for—just anybody. They require rare qualities of virtue, prudence, discretion, and sweet temper; also, at least *some* idea of, or aptitude for, needlework, though this point of view is one which is (large-mindedly) set aside, except by the poor who are obliged to wear the manufactured garments.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: SOME TEMPTING BREAKFAST DISHES

Kidneys with Mushrooms or Tomatoes

Skin and slice thinly four sheep's kidneys and season with salt and pepper. Melt in a frying-pan ½oz. of butter, and fry in it a small, finely minced onion; then put in the kidneys. Stir them quickly and sprinkle over a dessertspoonful of flour. When slightly browned, add two sliced tomatoes or half a dozen button mushrooms, a small glass of sherry, and a little stock. Cook for another five minutes, and serve with sippets of toast.

Grilled Haddock and Tomatoes

Fillet the haddock (a fresh haddock) and divide each fillet into two pieces and wash and dry well, brush over each fillet with melted butter. Mix one tablespoonful of flour with a pinch of salt and pepper, dip the fillets into this. Rub the gridiron with butter, place the fillets on it, and cook for about ten minutes, turning them once. Cut two tomatoes in halves, bake them until soft in a quick oven, or cook them on the gridiron. Serve the fillets overlapping each other down the centre of a dish with half a tomato on each, and garnish with a little chopped parsley on each tomato.

Fish Omelette

Break three eggs, separating the yolks and whites, sprinkle into the yolks a little salt, cayenne, nutmeg, and one dessertspoonful of Parmesan cheese, beat all together. Take a good tablespoonful of any white cooked fish, and cut it up into small pieces. Add a pinch of salt to the whites of eggs, and whip to a stiff froth. Stir the whipped whites very lightly to the yokes. Melt 1oz. of butter in an omelet pan, pour in the eggs, let them just set a little, then put in the fish, and stir all together till the omelette is cooked; turn it towards the handle of the pan, and with a spoon or egg-slice turn it over for a moment, and then slide it carefully on to a hot dish.

Tomatoes en Surprise

Peel and chill some round tomatoes of an even size, when firm cut them in halves. Scoop out the centres, in each one lay a fresh raw egg without breaking, dust with salt and pepper, and cover each with a spoonful of thick white sauce, and the same of grated cheese. Put in a hot oven and cook till the eggs are set.

Soda Scones

Rub 2oz. of butter into ¼lb. of flour, add one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and stir in sufficient milk (sour milk is best) to make a paste. Turn it on a board and roll it about an inch thick, cut it into small rounds, and bake a light brown in a quick oven.

EMILIA.

Run Out!

You remember the little currant cookery book so often mentioned in home papers and so constantly useful to the up-to-date housewife who likes to provide food that is dainty and appetising, as well as cheap and wholesome.

Well, the time has come when the whole of the enormous second edition of this little cookery book has run out, and it has been imperative to issue a new edition.

Currant cookery is always on the advance. New recipes are constantly cropping up, and it has been arranged by the publishers of the booklet that a great many new recipes shall be added to the very best of the old recipes, so that the Currant Cookery Booklet, in its new form, shall be a real standard help to the British housewife.

Your own grocer has a supply of these little booklets, and will gladly give you a free copy if you ask him.

"The Bystander" OUTDOOR LIFE SECTION.

F. B. Alexander

Who defeated H. L. Doherty in "straight sets" in the final of the Men's Singles. Alexander is a Doubles champion of the United States, and represented his country last year in the Davis Cup

Miss A. N. G. Greene

Who has made an auspicious début on the Riviera by winning the Ladies' Monte Carlo Cup after a close match with Countess Schulenberg, Germany's best player

The Unexpected Defeat of H. L. Doherty and Countess Schulenberg by A. Wallis Myers and Miss J. Tripp

The victory was scored in the semi-final of the Mixed Doubles, and the winners ultimately carried off the event, beating M. J. G. Ritchie and Miss Greene in the final. The winning pair are on the near side of the net

NEW CHAMPIONS IN THE MONTE CARLO LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT

LAWN TENNIS

Lawn Tennis at Monte Carlo

The international lawn tennis tournament at Monte Carlo was remarkable in several respects. For one thing, the weather was so cold that players appeared in court muffled up in layers of sweaters, one Frenchman distinguishing himself by donning a fur-lined waistcoat, to the shocked susceptibilities of the fashionable crowd. Never before, at the end of February, has the Riviera experienced such a cold snap. As regards the results, they were principally noteworthy for the defeat of H. L. Doherty in the Open Singles. The ex-champion, who had been practising hard at Queen's Club before coming South, was known to be particularly keen on winning the Open Singles. That would have meant permanent possession of the £120 Monte Carlo Cup; it was his "third time of asking." "Little Laurie," however, was eclipsed, and it may be doubted whether he will ever again assume the supreme position he once held. His conqueror in the Open Singles was Fred B. Alexander, the American Davis Cup player, who had done so well against Norman Brookes at Melbourne last November. To use an expressive colloquialism, Alexander was "all over" Doherty after the first set. His volleying, as incisive as it was audacious, carried all before him, and his services did the rest. Doherty was too soft off the ground to score from the back of the court, and Alexander was too quick to drive out of his reach when the Englishman came up.

Jubilant Millionaires

The American millionaires on the ground were naturally jubilant, and it is said that Mr. Albert C. Bostwick, Rockefeller's partner, netted a couple of hundred louis. But this was not Doherty's only reverse. Partnered by Countess Schulenberg he was beaten in the semi-final of the Mixed Doubles by Wallis Myers and Miss Tripp, who subsequently vanquished Ritchie and Miss Greene in the final—an unexpected, but none the less creditable, triumph. Miss Greene, who was making her début on the Riviera, won the Ladies' Cup after narrowly escaping defeat at the hands of the Countess Schulenberg. Altogether, the honours of the meeting were fairly distributed between the various countries. Several comparatively new players added appreciably to their reputation, while the "old guard" received an ominous check. The Riviera round was continued at Mentone last week, but Doherty was not taking part in the tournament, the two best players engaged being Alexander and Ritchie.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The International Championship

I must reserve until later comment on the settlement of the dispute between the English and Scottish Rugby Unions, which has enabled the playing, after all, of the International match as originally arranged—March 20. The result of the match between Scotland and England is not likely to have any direct bearing on the Championship, which looks a good thing for Wales, who, if they beat Ireland next Saturday at Swansea, will secure the "triple crown." On paper form they can hardly lose, for England and Scotland have both beaten Ireland, and have both been beaten by Wales, although the prevailing opinion is that Scotland were unlucky to lose. However, Irish teams have a way of coming out strong when not expected to, and if Ireland can manage to get home next Saturday the situation will be interesting; for Wales will have won two matches and lost one, and Scotland and England will each have scored one win as against one loss, so that, now that England *v.* Scotland comes off, the winners of the encounter will tie with Wales. For next Saturday's match Ireland have made three changes from the team which was beaten by Scotland on February 27. Whether these will turn out to be an improvement or not remains to be seen, but in any case her hope lies in her forwards. Behind the scrum Wales is almost certain to have the best of the argument.

HOCKEY

The Competition Question

Although the majority of hockey players hold that the introduction of competitions into the game is undesirable, there are indications of an increase in the number of those who hold the converse view—that the game would be improved and its status benefited by the institution of league championships among the clubs, cup competitions, and so forth, as in Association football. There are, as we know, only two competitions existing in hockey at present, the Hospital Cup and the Army Cup—the latter quite a recent innovation. Both have the sanction, though not the whole-hearted approval, of the Hockey Association, and I firmly believe that the Association's policy of setting its face against competitions to be the right one. One has only to look at the extraordinary way in which the game has grown of late years, the keenness with which it is played without any kind of additional stimulus in the form of pots and putty medals, the *esprit de corps* which exists in every team, and the good which the game does from a social point of view, in order to recognise that it is much best to let well alone, and that any attempt to give a still greater impetus to a game which is already so thoroughly "on the move" might lead to complications and troubles. It should never be forgotten that hockey is before all things a game of skill, and that it is played best when played in a perfectly friendly and gentlemanly spirit. Human nature is human nature, and in the excitement of a league match or a cup-tie the most scrupulously fair players are apt to lose their heads. As an old and experienced player said to me the other day when we were discussing the matter: "Men get *quite* excited enough as it is!" And I think that about clinches the argument.

The 'Varsity Sports at Oxford and Cambridge

A Preliminary in the Hurdles at Oxford

A. N. Doorley

Who dead-heated with J. S. Huxley in the high jump at Oxford with 5ft. 5¼in., half an inch lower than the best jump at Cambridge

A. C. Bellerby

Who dead-heated with W. T. Warwick in the high jump at Cambridge with 5ft. 6in. He affects the American style, which was so successful at the Stadium

The Finish of the Second Heat of the Hundred at Cambridge, Won by H. R. Ragg

HUNTING. By A. W. C.

The Progress of the Hunting Season

In some features the concluding stages of the hunting season are proving distinctly unfortunate. The weather, for one thing, has been aggravatingly unfavourable. The last week of February was practically a blank on account of hard frost, and March came in, not like the proverbial lion, but more after the style of the Polar bear, the land being covered inches deep in snow. Providing there is no return of these arctic conditions, sport in the hunting-field ought really to be good during the ensuing month, as a heavy snow-fall usually has the effect of purifying the land and improving that mysterious quality known as scent. Altogether, the foxhunter has cause to complain of the luck he has experienced since Christmas. Sport has been stopped with exasperating frequency, and scenting conditions have been moderate. It must be admitted, I fear, that the season of 1908-9 has not fulfilled the brilliant promise which obtained in November last.

"Breezes" That Blow

One other regrettable feature of the back-end of the season is the undignified squabbling which has been going on in various countries. Grievous friction has existed between several Masters and their followers, and results have not been at all pleasant. In a country not a hundred miles from Oxford a typical "breeze" has been blowing. The Master, considering himself ill-treated, sent in his resignation. The members, knowing how hard it would be to get a better man, begged of him to continue. He would do so, he replied, only on condition that two persons in the Hunt, who had disputed his authority, were called upon to cease their membership. This delicate point was put to the vote, at a rather stormy meeting, and about an equal division of opinion arose. So that matters are still in a most undecided state, and nobody can speak as to the future of the pack. One has not yet forgotten the recent flare in the Warwickshire country; there has been trouble, too, in the Blankney Hunt, and, in North Shropshire, Mr. Frank Bibby is bringing his term in the Mastership rather abruptly to a close. Here the farmers have been blaming the Hunt Committee for their attitude in the matter. It is exceedingly deplorable that Mr. Bibby's splendid services to the Hunt, which he has maintained at his own expense for ten seasons, should not have come to an end under happier circumstances.

Lord Charles Bentinck
Who is ending his Mastership of the Blankney Hounds, after three seasons in office. Sir Robert Filmer will succeed him

Mr. Stanley's New Pack

From the Devon and Somerset Staghounds to the Woodland Pytchley Foxhounds will be a complete transition for Mr. E. A. V. Stanley, who has arranged to take over the Mastership of the latter at the end of the season. This is a country which has been hunted by such well-known sportsmen as Lord Lonsdale, Lord Spencer, Mr. Austin Mackenzie, Lord Southampton, and Mr. W. M. Wroughton. It has generally rejoiced in the possession of a specially fine pack of hounds, both Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Wroughton having been great breeders. I fancy that Mr. Stanley will do ample justice to the country in this respect, as he is exceedingly fond of hounds and a splendid judge of them. He has hunted the Devon and Somerset pack for two seasons, and for six years previously kept a pack of his own to hunt the Quantock Hills, where he had a first-rate record of sport. The Woodland Pytchley is a hard-riding field, but Mr. Stanley is good enough to hold his own with the first flighters, and if he elects to act as his own huntsman he will certainly be able to ride well up with his hounds.

The Coaching Marathon

At a time when the grand old sport of coaching is in grave danger of being overshadowed by the motor-car, it is satisfactory to observe that the directors of the International Horse Show mean to do what they can towards keeping alive public interest in four-in-hand driving. There is something incomparably picturesque about a well-matched and well-driven team of free-moving horses, and we should all regret the disappearance of the coaches from our roads. Fortunately, that is never likely to occur so long as the Four-in-Hand and the Coaching Clubs are in existence, and it is pleasant to know that those select institutions are as strong in membership as ever they were. The great success of the four-in-hand classes at Olympia has emboldened the management to introduce a new feature at the coming show in the shape of a "coaching marathon." This, in brief, is to be a drive from Hampton Court to Olympia. The coaches are to be started at intervals, and the time occupied in the journey will not be taken so much into account as the condition of the horses on their arrival in the ring at Olympia. The general smartness of the turn-out will also be considered, the judges awarding the points as follows: 40 per cent. for horses, 30 per cent. for condition on arrival, 20 per cent. for coach and equipments, and 10 per cent. for harness. The innovation promises to be highly popular, and will certainly add to the attractiveness of the International Show.

Montreal's Pride in Her Winter-Carnival

The Crowd at the Ski-jumping

Montreal is prouder than ever of her winter-carnival. English visitors are now talking of coming home only for the holidays

The Ice Palace at Montreal

This building, surely the most beautiful in Canada, was stormed by an army of 3,000 before an audience computed at 150,000. Fireworks masqueraded as armaments, and the scene was one of almost unequalled splendour. When the fantastic coloured fires were first lit inside the transparent towers, the immense crowd, moved by a common impulse, joined in singing "The Holy City"

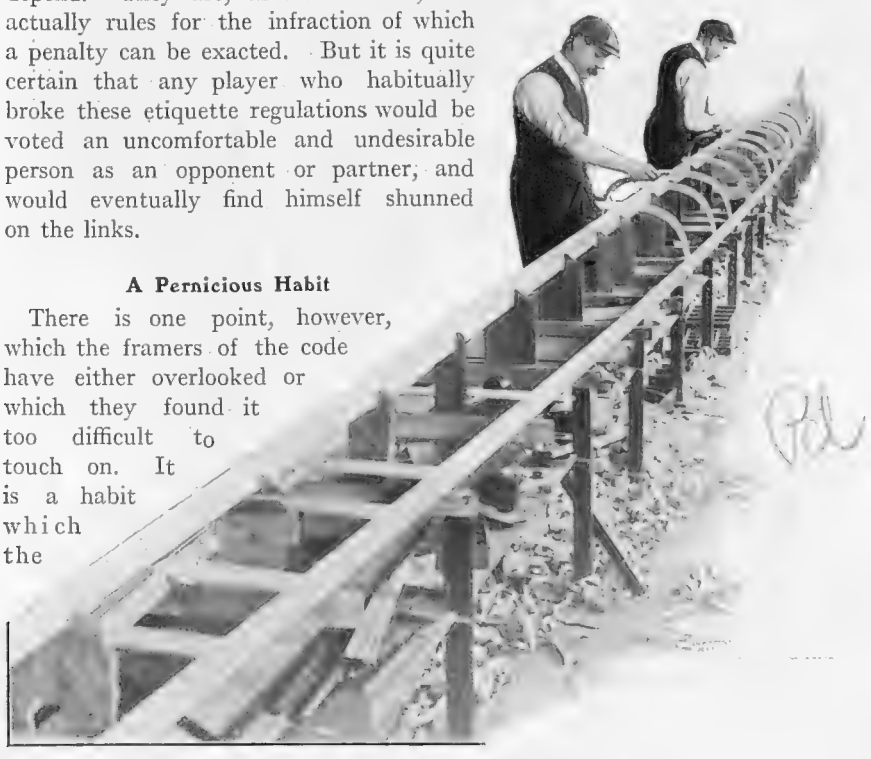
GOLF. By Ernest Lehmann

Etiquette on the Links

There are certain things at golf which it is impossible to define within the limits of a hard-and-fast rule. This has been recognised by our golf legislators, and the bulk of the book of rules is consequently swollen by the addition of certain "hints to conduct," entitled "Etiquette of Golf." There are, in the new code, nine regulations bearing on etiquette. These are all admirable, and should be carefully studied by all players, for on their observance or non-observance much comfort and amenity of playing depend. They are, as I have said, not actually rules for the infraction of which a penalty can be exacted. But it is quite certain that any player who habitually broke these etiquette regulations would be voted an uncomfortable and undesirable person as an opponent or partner, and would eventually find himself shunned on the links.

A Pernicious Habit

There is one point, however, which the framers of the code have either overlooked or which they found it too difficult to touch on. It is a habit which the modern love of three and four-ball matches has done much to encourage. I refer to the pernicious habit of players who walk on towards their ball without waiting for their adversary to play. Let me explain. A and B are playing a match. A is much disconcerted on finding that B, who outdrives him by a considerable distance, never waits level with the spot where A's ball has stopped, but always marches forward to his own, which is some forty yards beyond. Naturally, I do not refer to two tee shots which are both dead straight on the line, but to two shots which are, let us say, to the right and left of the true line. A is forced either to wait over his shot till B has reached his ball, or to make his stroke while B is moving on ahead, or to call out to B and ask him to stand still. A is, therefore, placed at a distinct disadvantage. It is all very well to say that A should rise above such petty vexations, but golf is a game in which small things affecting the nerves and temper exercise a very great influence, and very little is needed, as all players know, to put a player off his stroke. But the true view is that A should never be placed in the position I have depicted above. B, if the matter is put quite plainly to him, will at once acknowledge that he is in the wrong in marching forward beyond his opponent's ball, and will, if a good sportsman, take every possible care not to transgress again.



Building Cambridge's New Craft

Cambridge are at present practising in the shell used in the Olympic contests. Sims, of Putney, is building the new racer

The Safe and Proper Course

What I have said as to the tee shot applies, of course, throughout the game. There is only one safe and proper course of action for a player, and that is never to advance beyond his adversary's ball till the latter has delivered his shot. Yet how few, alas! observe this elementary rule of conduct in a round. I am confident that the hurry of three and four-ball matches must bear much of the blame for this irritating and unpardonable habit ascribed to it. Players in these matches have the constant fear of being passed by legitimately constituted parties, and they rush forward to get to their balls without troubling to wait for the hindmost. I regret, therefore, that some clear intimation has not been laid down in the regulations of the etiquette of golf, stating that no player should walk on beyond the point at which his adversary's ball had stopped until the latter had played his stroke. After all, it is, surely, an elementary form of politeness which enjoins that a player should pay as much attention to his adversary's comfort during the game as he would have the latter pay to his. It will also pay better in the end, to put the matter on its lowest ground, for it is of the essence of match-play that either player should carefully watch each stroke of the other. I think this horrible habit of marching on, oblivious of an adversary preparing to play his shot, is one of the worst faults of the modern golfer. No player trained in the old ways commits this solecism. It is the worst possible breach of etiquette, and should be stamped out.

ROWING

The Crews

As far as prospects for the 'Varsity Boat Race go, the situation at present may be briefly summed up in the statement that Cambridge have got a pretty good crew and Oxford a pretty bad one. Neither has developed the form which one expects of a really good crew at this stage of training, possibly because both are heavy, Cambridge being slightly the heavier of the two, with an average of over 12½ stone per man. Nevertheless,

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In Black & pretty evening colors.

Cambridge are distinctly the livelier and better eight. Oxford may be described as a crew of possibilities, and good judges aver that they may yet develop capabilities which will make them quite formidable. This, however, still remains to be seen, and speculation as to the probable outcome of the race is, in reality, somewhat idle until we have seen both the rival eights on the tideway.

ATHLETICS

The 'Varsities: Good Performances at Oxford

In spite of the frost and the snow, the Sports at both 'Varsities came off last week, and, considering the conditions, some excellent performances were accomplished. At Oxford the Mile, the Quarter, and the Three Miles all produced good times, while W. H. Bleadon brought off a "double" by winning the Long Jump with 22ft. 2in. and the Weight with a put of 38ft. 2in.—both these distances being well up to the mark. The Quarter served to bring out the capabilities of the Blue, L. C. Hull, at a distance which he has only lately gone in for. He won it in 51sec. dead, and might have done even better if he had not had to run wide at the last bend in order to clear his men. As it was he won comfortably from Howard-Smith by four yards, with G. R. L. Anderson a foot further away. Had Anderson made his effort a bit sooner he might have beaten Howard-Smith, for he was catching him rapidly. Hull, like Bleadon, was a dual winner, for he also won the sprint, after a somewhat indifferent start, in 10 3-5th sec. The Three Miles provided something of a surprise, for, in the absence of both Hallows and Cator, it was expected that the cross-country crack, S. P. B. Mais, would win it. However, he was beaten by A. M. Brown, who stuck to him all through the race, and then pulled out a spurt in the last lap, which got him home fifty yards ahead. Brown's time—15min. 13sec.—was only 3sec. worse than the record for the Oxford track made by J. M. Freemantle in 1896.

Cambridge: A Ground Record and Some Fast Times

The outstanding performance at Cambridge was in that comparatively uninteresting event known as the Hammer. I think I am hazarding a tolerably safe guess when I say that the winner, R. H. Lindsay-Watson, is a younger brother of the Scottish Rugger International and 'Varsity Hammer-Thrower of the same name. His throw (140ft. 1in.) is a record for Fenner's. Kenneth MacLeod, the crack sprinter, was not competing in the Hundred, which was won by S. R. Ragg in 10 3-5th sec.—a good enough time considering the state of the track, and as good as Hull's at Oxford. The same may be said of C. Armstrong's time for the Quarter—51 4-5th sec. Curiously enough, Armstrong, like Hull, the winner of the same race at Oxford, is only a recruit in the ranks of quarter-milers. Formerly he was a long-jumper.

Another Crew-Scape: Cambridge Out for a Paddle despite the Snowy Weather

The Light Blues are now training at Putney, Mr. F. J. Escombe superintending the work *vice* Mr. D. A. Wauchope. The crew are putting on weight, the average now being 12st. 9lb.

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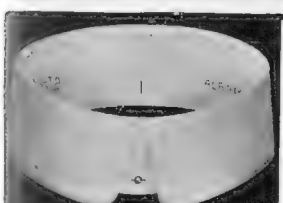

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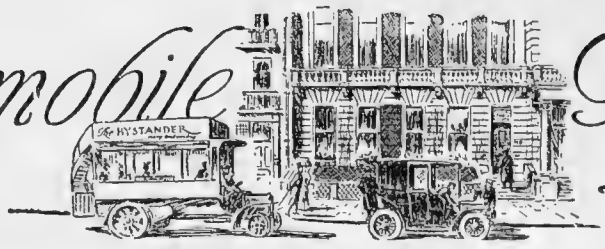
Automobile Topics.



By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Learning to Drive

I well remember the curiously mixed feelings of trepidation and triumph with which I made my initial essay in driving and controlling a car. Similar sensations, I suppose, have, at one more or less remote period, been experienced by every motorist, although the conditions under which that memorable first lesson was gained may have been very widely different. It is delightful when one first experiences the sense of power over mechanical forces hitherto regarded with respectful interest, and it is really remarkable how rapidly confidence grows as one realises how tractable and amenable a thing the automobile is. Those of us who graduated in the comparatively early days of the motor movement learned our lessons, for the most part, under the tuition of friends scarcely more proficient and well-informed than ourselves, and the tussles with indolent ignitions, contrary carburettors, sullen sparking-plugs, and tiresome tyres, which formed so considerable a part of the entertainment, although irksome enough at times, were actually most excellent as educational experiences. Pioneers like the Hon. C. S. Rolls, Mr. S. F. Edge, and Mr. Charles Jarrott underwent toils and hardships at which the beginner of to-day would stand aghast, but the knowledge they derived thereby has proved of immense benefit not only to themselves, but to the whole motoring community.

Days of Long Ago

In the early days the London parks and quiet stretches of country or suburban road were the favourite training-grounds, albeit the usefulness of cycle tracks in the times of the old motor tricycles is worthy of honourable mention. Mr. Rolls's epoch-making drive through an astonished and not always admiring country while yet an undergrad at Cambridge, and when the red flag and four-miles limit were very much to the fore, has been celebrated, as it deserves to be, in song and story many a time, and most of the happenings of that period are replete with picturesque touches, of which the present generation of novices has no conception. The mechanical perfection of the up-to-date car, the existence of well-appointed motor schools, and the readiness of manufacturers, dealers, and garage proprietors to give skilled instruction, all contribute to the lightening of the labours of the learner of to-day, and for this reason, if for no other, I strongly advocate

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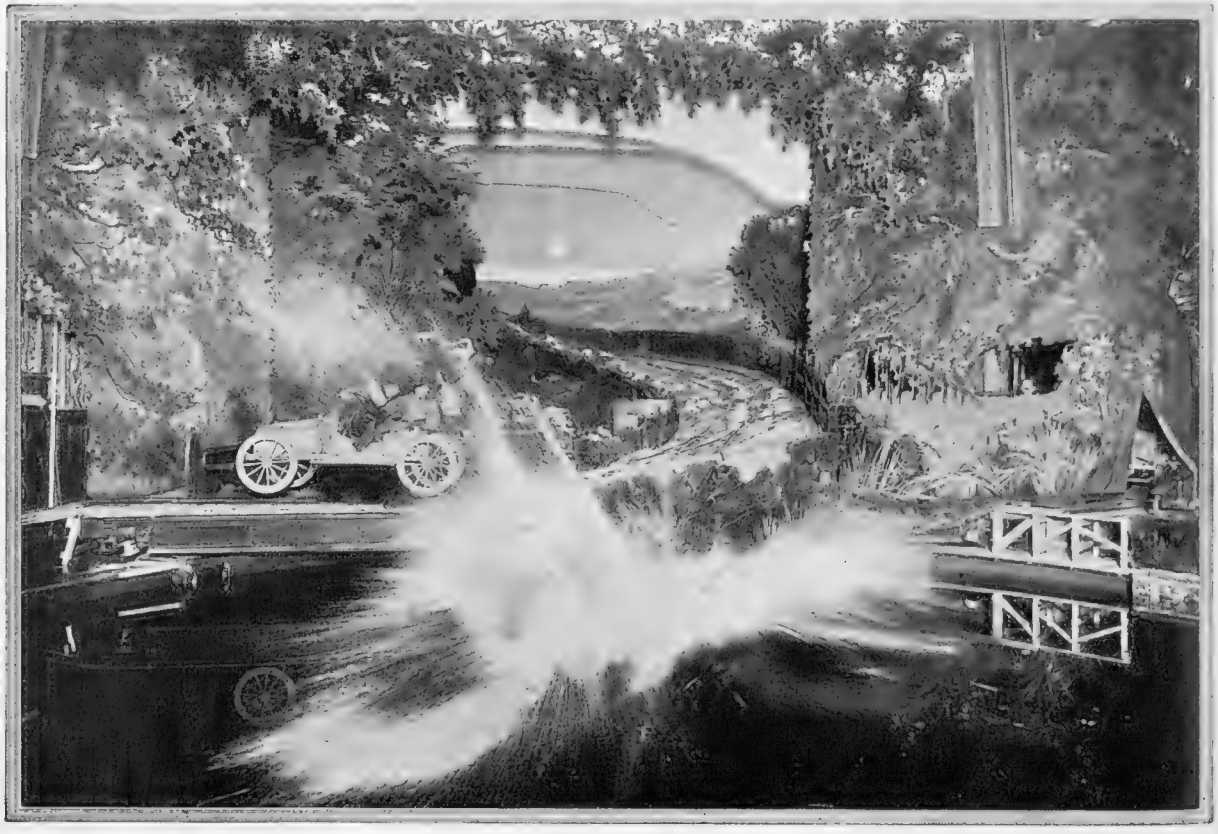

Carburetribution !

Scene V. of the London Hippodrome spectacle, *The Motor Chase*. The motor-car containing the villain (Mr. C. W. Somerset) has been hurled into the stream in the attempt to overtake the lovers (Miss Maud Cressall and Mr. Philip Cunningham)

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C.D.C.

the granting of no driving license to anyone not possessed of a certificate of competence, such as is granted, after due examination of the candidate, by the Royal Automobile Club.

Licenses and Licensees

A case recently before the Reading magistrates gives point to my contention. A beginner was charged with driving to the danger of the public, and it appeared from the evidence that in a thick fog he attempted to pass two vehicles travelling in the same direction, when a third, coming towards him, loomed up suddenly. By abruptly applying the brakes a collision was, fortunately, avoided, although only by the approaching vehicle taking the grass at the roadside. The learner, it transpired, was undergoing a course of tuition from a local motor school, one of whose instructors was beside him at the time of the occurrence. I am not aware whether, as is customary, the particular car in question was fitted with duplicate brake and clutch levers, under the control of the instructor, but, in any case, the practice of allowing inexperienced people to drive on the public roads, especially in foggy weather, cannot be too strongly deprecated. The Reading magistrates adopted a lenient attitude, and merely fined the offender eleven shillings costs, but intimated that in future more drastic measures would be taken, and that the managers of motor schools would, in any similar case, be summoned as aiders and abettors of the delinquent. Just how far the existing law can prohibit anyone from driving on the highways so long as he has a license is matter for argument, but in the interest of all road-users I would like to see the possession of a certificate made a *sine quâ non* before such driving license be granted.

"A.A." Activities

All motorists know and appreciate the good work done by the Automobile Association under the direction of Colonel W. J. Bosworth and Mr. Secretary Stenson Cooke, and there is certain to be a grand rally of adherents at the fourth annual banquet in the Grand Hall of the Hotel Cecil on Wednesday, March 24. The band of the Coldstream Guards will, by permission of Colonel Maxse, C.V.O., C.B., D.S.O., discourse sweet strains during the reception and dinner, and the postprandial proceedings, commendably brief in the matter of speeches, will be enlivened by a high-class and most attractive musical entertainment under the able supervision of Mr. Walter Gibbons. Tickets, which are priced at 12*s.* 6*d.* each, should be applied for at once. Wednesday, March 17—St. Patrick's Day—will witness the great auto-mobilisation scheme which the "A.A." is organising, and of which great things are expected. All BYSTANDER readers who are interested should write at once to Mr. Stenson Cooke at Prince's Buildings, Coventry Street, London, W., for full particulars.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

Miscellanea

Congratulations are due to the Kempshall Tyre Company for their enterprise in submitting their tyres to a very severe test under Royal Automobile Club observation and for the complete success which attended the demonstration. The tests were carried out on a granite surface 60ft. by 30ft., which was overlaid with Thames mud and soft soap to a depth of 18in. Braking and stopping at the word of command, and turning while at a speed of 15 mile per hour proved conclusively, in the words of the Royal Automobile Club judges, that "non-slipping can be effectively obtained by an all-rubber tyre" of high-class manufacture like the Kempshall.

The above costume was the winner at the recent Skating Carnival at Olympia amongst the numerous costumes representing "Old Orkney" Whisky.

In an ingenious way, Mr. Noel Luker, of the Stock Exchange, had contrived to combine a bottle of "Old Orkney" with a table, the imitation being carried to the length of the table's legs.

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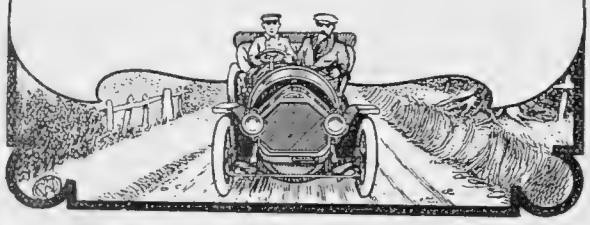

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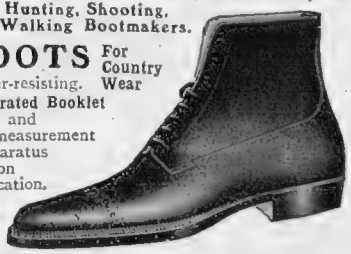

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RACING: Notes on Coming Events. By CARBINE

Arranmore and the Lincoln

Anyone who acted on the suggestion I gave in these "Notions" on February 10, and took the big odds about Arranmore and Mattie Macgregor, must now be in a satisfied frame of mind. If so inclined, he can profitably hedge a bit, and still have a big interest in the two horses. For Arranmore has advanced very much in favouritism during the past week or two, and at present stands a good first favourite. On Saturday you could not have got a better offer than 7 to 1 about the colt. I should hesitate to advise anyone to back him at this price. Better to wait until nearer the date of the Lincolnshire Handicap, as Mr. S. Joel has other interests in the race, and may change his mind at the last moment about running Arranmore. It is rumoured that the colt will be ridden by F. Wootton (the same jockey is also mentioned as likely to ride Duke of Sparta), and if this becomes definitely known, Arranmore will be sure to maintain his favouritism. My tip for the Lincoln is Mr. S. Joel's representative, which at present looks almost certain to be **Arranmore.**

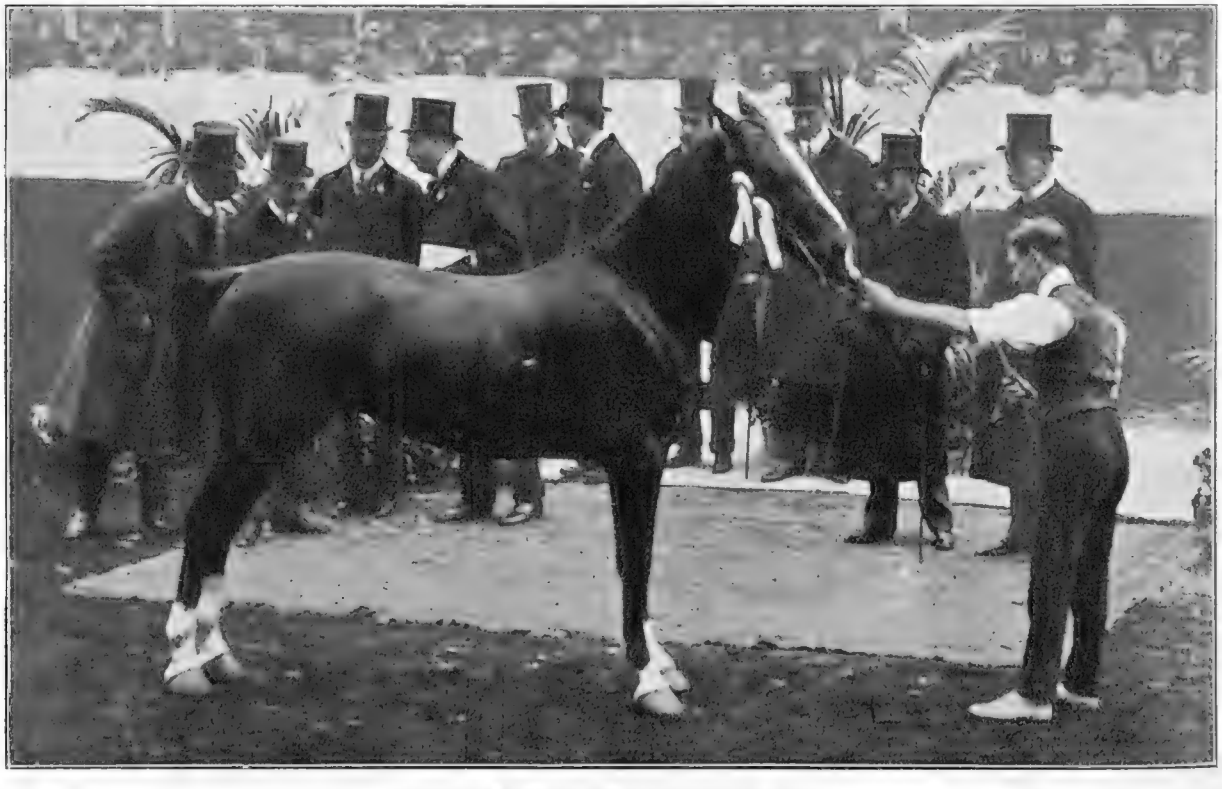
Steeplechasing Prospects

As for the Grand National, nothing has happened to induce me to alter my opinion that last year's first and second, Rubio and Mattie Macgregor, will pay best for following. We know that both can get the course, and we know that both are in pretty good condition. So if anyone wants a bet this week on the Grand National, these are the pair I should recommend to him. The Grand Military Meeting, whose postponement caused widespread disappointment last week, is to be brought off on March 29 and 30, immediately following the Grand National, and meanwhile we have the promise of much excitement in the Champion Steeplechase at Hurst Park on Wednesday, for which **Cackler** is my selection. On the following day comes the National Hunt Steeplechase at Warwick, to find the winner of which is always a difficult task, but I have some confidence in **Davy Jones.** For the National Hunt Juvenile Steeplechase, on the same afternoon, **Vinegar Hill** is, I think, a good thing.

SPORTSMAN'S DIARY FOR 1909

"The Sketch," January 13, 1909, says:—

"This small waistcoat-pocket diary should be in the possession of every sportsman. It is bound in Royal Red leather, has a patent fastener, amongst the most adroit of its kind, the leaves are gilt-edged, and a natty little nickel-plated pencil is cunningly lodged within the book while for beauty and neatness it is impossible to believe that it has its equal. In addition to the daily diary, it contains a lot of useful information which the racing man will appreciate, including a list of Flat and Steeplechase Meetings for 1909, lengths of Newmarket Courses, comparative tables of English and Foreign weights and distances, also the colours of the most prominent French owners with the English equivalent. This is to enable Englishmen who go racing in Paris and elsewhere on the Continent to distinguish the horses. It also has Mr. Gant's terms of business, while it can safely be said that no rules ever devised by mortal man can show such fairness and liberality in every way to clients, as "No Limit," "No Commission," "No Deductions," are three of their features. Another of Mr. Gant's business methods is that all cheques in payment of Clients' winnings are signed in an assumed name, so that the nature of the business does not transpire when Mr. Gant's cheques are paid away. It is sent free to all existing and prospective clients upon written application to M.. D. M. Gant, Member of Tattersalls', 25, Conduit Street, London, W.'



The Prince Spends an Hour at the Hackney Show

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who is keenly interested in horses, is here seen inspecting the winners at the Agricultural Hall. A feature of the show has been the purchase of hackneys at high prices by representatives of the French, Dutch, and Austrian Governments

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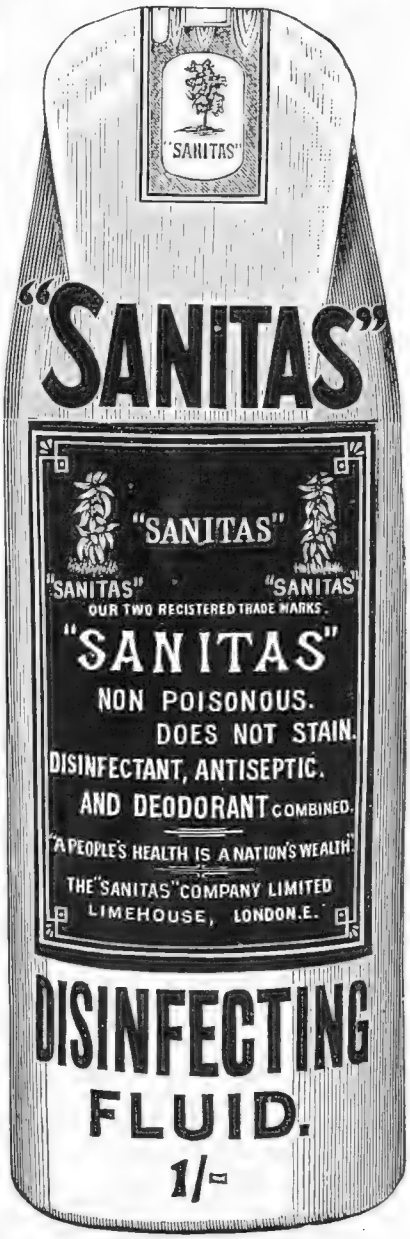

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Is the most **Perfect Dentifrice.**

It Whitens the Teeth, **Prevents Decay, Sweetens** the **Breath.**

Removes all Tartarous Adhesions to the Teeth and insures a **Pearl Like Whiteness** to the enamelled surface.

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FROCKS · FRILLS & FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

Thanks to the paucity of interesting news just now, the gowns worn at the two Courts have contrived to usurp a large share of attention. The tissue train, variously veiled, has secured the full meed of appreciation prophesied. One of the most successful to cross my path of vision was of oxidize, lightly covered with black lace, accompanying a Princesse gown that was one mass of jet, only shading off at the top of the *décolletage* to oxidize sequins, softened by tulle of the same metallic tint. Worn with a quantity of rarely beautiful diamonds, this *demi-deuil* scheme—for such it was—caught the eye pleasantly enough among the gayer plumage. Among those who elected to emphasise the tentative *pannier* was

Madame Arqua, of 26, Albemarle Street

who, for Mrs. A. Wooley Hart, conceived the following effective creation. For the gown there was selected ivory satin, the front centred by a panel embroidered in white silk and silver, and weighted with fringe. But the distinctive feature lay in the so-called *pannier* draperies, which were worked from the back, rather low down, towards the front. The train was also of ivory satin, falling in a V from the back of the corsage, richly embroidered with a design of roses in pale pink silk, and lined pink satin veiled in net deeply ruched about the edges. It was an exceedingly well-thought-out gown, but one doubts the appropriateness of the word "*pannier*," as applied to this particular form of drapery.

An Artistic Teagown

I see, by the way, that one of the presentments is rather vividly recalled in Mrs. Dorothy Millar's original design for a teagown. Over a petticoat of blush pink *ninon* there is worn an over-dress of ivory and pink brocade, draped at the back, as depicted, and the folds drawn right across the figure in front to the left-hand, where they are gathered beneath a great petal rosette of the material. Distinct character is added in the oblong *décolletage*, finishing with a tucker of tulle, drawn up on a silver thread, and extremely tight, long sleeves, the cuffs shaped over the hands to touch the knuckles.

For those who can stand warmth at any season, this is an exceptionally pleasing model.

A Tasteful Coiffure

It is now the vogue to dress the hair in the simplest styles, which reveal rather than conceal the shape of the head

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

The Craze for Soft, Silky Straws

It is impossible to be blind to the fact that a storm of extreme exaggeration is rampant in the realms of millinery. At the moment women seem divided into two distinct classes — those who declare every fresh piece of headgear adorable, and those who sweep all away as hideous. A real enthusiast, however, is sometimes capable of removing stupid prejudice, and, speaking for myself, I find the enthusiast is the safest person to cultivate at the moment. There are several extremely smart saleswomen of my intimate acquaintance who, with perfectly dressed *coiffures* of Greek-like proclivities, have succeeded in carrying me entirely away in favour of *chapeaux* that, held in the hand, seemed wholly impossible.

The High Crown

Apart from shape, however, none will deny the charm of the coarse, loosely plaited straws put forward this season. The width of each strand is excessive, and there is a satin finish that, allied to a paucity of weight, invests these *pailles* with an irresistible attraction. The most gigantic crowned hat—and some are truly Brobdingnagian—owes nothing of its weight to the straw shape, a condition, alas! not by any means lived up to where decorative detail is concerned.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 275.—Vol. XXI. Wednesday, March 10, 1909 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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In a delightful part on gravel soil.

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FINELY TIMBERED PLEASURE GROUNDS,

2 orchards, walled kitchen garden, glasshouses, etc., in all about 7 acres.

GOLF LINKS 3 MILES.

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£4,700 (OR NEAR OFFER) FOR QUICK SALE.

HERTS (under 30 miles of Town on main line).—Modern well-built HOUSE, with gardens of over 2 acres, in a

HIGH AND HEALTHY SITUATION,

facing South. 3 reception, 9 bed and dressing, bath and boxrooms, usual offices. Newly erected stabling for 2. Gas, Company's water, and main drainage. The gardens are very tastefully laid out, well timbered, and include tennis lawn, rosery, and a small wood, also kitchen gardens and

ORNAMENTAL POND.

The owner having secured another property is willing to SELL at once at the above low figure or near offer, and also leave a good

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On the summit of the Hill.

BY ORDER OF TRUSTEES
ON GREATLY REDUCED TERMS.

UNFURNISHED, OR FOR SALE, secluded RESIDENCE, in gardens of over an acre, with tennis lawn. Gravel soil; S.E. aspect. 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, servants' hall and offices, fitted bathroom. Gas and water. Main drainage. Stabling for 3, and men's rooms. The situation is excellent, being opposite Coombe Wood.—Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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HALF AN HOUR by motor from WEST END or City.—FURNISHED or UNFURNISHED, charmingly situated RESIDENCE, with grand views over the surrounding country and private entrance to

WOODS OF OVER 400 ACRES.

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bed and 3 dressing rooms, bath, and usual offices. Stabling for 2, with 2 rooms for man. Very pretty gardens of 2 acres, with large lawn and shrubberies, 2 kitchen gardens, and

20 ACRES OF MEADOW-LAND

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CLOSE TO 2 GOLF CLUBS.

"REIGATE LODGE." VIEW OF THE PARK.

AMID PICTURESQUE SURREY SCENERY.

Easy motor drive from Town.

REIGATE.—28 ACRES. Near railway station. Lofty suite of reception, 15 bed and dressing rooms, etc. Convenient stabling for 6, coachman's rooms, gardener's cottage, entrance lodge. Charming park of about 28 acres. Walled-in kitchen garden, range of glasshouses, picturesque tea-house; fine old timber and beautiful lawns.

VALUABLE BUILDING FRONTAGES.

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CAREFULLY PLANNED RESIDENCE.

Square inner hall, 3 reception rooms (one of which would make capital billiard room), 7 bed and dressing rooms, bath, and usual offices. Excellent stabling for 2 or more, double coach-house, motor-house, etc.

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£1,450 WILL PURCHASE the above old-fashioned stone-built HOUSE, with about 2 acres of grounds: 5 reception, 8 bedrooms, etc.; stabling for 2, and useful outbuildings; the gardens contain some fine ornamental trees and shrubs, large tennis court, and well-stocked flower and kitchen gardens; golf; hunting; more land can be purchased if desired.—Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (1,215)

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21 YEARS' LEASE TO BE ASSIGNED.

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£2,850 WOULD BE ACCEPTED FOR IMMEDIATE SALE. EATON SQUARE. 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, and billiard room. Ground Rent, only £3 12s.

£1,800.—AN UNPRECEDENTED BARGAIN. PORTLAND PLACE. Containing: 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, billiard room. Stabling.

£2,000.—SPLENDID POSITION, OVERLOOKING REGENT'S PARK. 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, billiard room. Stabling and garage.

£2,000.—HAMPSTEAD. MODERN WELL-BUILT HOUSE. 7 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, full-size billiard room. Good grounds, including 4 tennis courts. Long Lease. Ground Rent low.

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£1,600.—FREEHOLD FOR SALE BY ORDER OF EXECUTORS. Close to Kensington Gardens (north side). 10 bedrooms, 4 reception rooms, bath, etc.

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WITH OR WITHOUT 1,370 ACRES OF SHOOTING.

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£3,750 WITH 26 ACRES.—A great bargain; the HOUSE is old-fashioned, but in excellent order, and contains: 10 bedrooms, bathroom, and 3 reception rooms; stabling for 3 horses; ½ mile from station.—Full particulars on application to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,082)

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NEWBURY DISTRICT.—Very choice Freehold RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of about 150 acres, in a ring fence, to be SOLD. It comprises the above Family Mansion, electrically lighted and heated throughout, with handsome hall, billiard room, suite of reception rooms, about 20 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete domestic offices. The Residence stands on gravel soil, about 400ft. above sea level, in a well-timbered park, and is immediately surrounded by matured pleasure grounds; stabling for 10 horses, 2 entrance lodges, bailiff's house, and home farm.—Highly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. Photos and plan. (20,275)

HIGH ON THE SURREY HILLS.—£5,000 will PURCHASE the above exceptionally attractive OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY HOUSE, replete with modern comforts, 400ft. above sea, well way from main road and motor dust. Magnificent rounds of 4½ acres; stabling and motor-house; bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, magnificent billiard room, large hall, good reception ms, winter garden; gas and water laid on, main dinage; easy reach of 3 golf links, 7 minutes m station.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, Mount Street, W. (23,315)

HANTS (close to one of the best stretches of the RIVER TEST).—To be SOLD, at a moderate price, a most substantially built, attractive, red-brick COUNTRY HOUSE, occupying a fairly high situation, a mile from station, 4 miles from Andover; capital stabling, motor and coach-house; well-timbered, pretty grounds, tennis and croquet lawn, kitchen garden, greenhouse, and meadows, in all 10 ACRES; 11 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, bath (h. and c.), 4 reception rooms, servants' hall, and offices; modern drainage; excellent water supply.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,257)

12 MILES FROM LONDON, and close to a station in a favourite part of Hertfordshire.—To be SOLD, Freehold, an exceedingly attractive RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of about 10 acres, comprising the above medium-sized house with spacious rooms, occupying a well-chosen site 375ft. above sea level; stabling for 5, men's rooms, and lodge entrance; fully matured shady grounds, walled kitchen garden, and glasshouses; gas and water laid on, and modern sanitary arrangements. Series of views at offices.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,041)

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MESSRS. WALTON AND LEE are seeking for an applicant, who is well known to them, and is desirous of BUYING, a FARM of about 100 to 300 acres, with a moderate-sized Residence and useful farm-buildings; gravelly soil preferred.—Offices, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

AT THE VERY LOW UPSET PRICE OF £1,700.

ONSLOW SQUARE, S.W.—A particularly attractive and conveniently planned medium-sized RESIDENCE, occupying a quiet and open position in this favourite square, and possessing unequalled facilities of access to all parts of Town.

Messrs. WALTON and LEE

Will Offer for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, March 30, 1909, at 2 o'clock precisely (unless previously Sold), the charming modern RESIDENCE,

No. 24, ONSLOW SQUARE,

containing accommodation eminently suited to the requirements of a moderate establishment, and held on Lease for a period of about 21 years at the nominal annual ground rent of £5.—Particulars and Conditions of Sale of Messrs. SLAUGHTER and COLEGRAVE, Solicitors, Clock House, Arundel Street, W.C., and of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

475 FT. ABOVE SEA, less than 2 miles from Bath.—The above old-fashioned COUNTRY RESIDENCE for SALE at the sacrificial price of 3,000 gns., or near offer, with 6½ acres of lovely old gardens, shady lawns, tennis court, kitchen garden, paddock, and orchard; stabling, man's room, and outbuildings; 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), billiard room, 3 reception rooms, lounge hall, and offices; Company's water, modern drainage; electric light. Would be LET Unfurnished.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,144)

TO POLO PLAYERS REQUIRING HOUSE near Ranelagh, Hurlingham, and Roehampton grounds.—TO BE LET, FURNISHED or UNFURNISHED, the exceptionally attractive FAMILY HOUSE known as

STONE HOUSE, WEST HILL

(easy reach of Putney Heath and Wimbledon Common), with beautifully timbered and secluded grounds of 3½ ACRES; first-class stabling for 8 horses, garage; house replete with all modern comforts, including electric light; 14 bed and dressing rooms, suite of large handsome reception rooms; 7 minutes' walk from station. OR THE FREEHOLD WOULD BE SOLD.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (20,981)

IN THE BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT OF HASLEMERE AND HINDHEAD; high situation; fine views; exceptional golfing facilities.—Choice little RESIDENCE to be SOLD: 3 reception rooms, large hall, conservatory, 7 bedrooms, box-room, and offices; pretty grounds, gardens, and shrubberies of about 2 acres; small stable and motor-shed. Price, £2,750.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,310)

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, AT A LOW RENT TILL SEPTEMBER 1 NEXT.

HERTS (in a lovely district 40 minutes from London).—This old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE, well away from motor dust, and commanding splendid views: magnificently timbered grounds, kitchen gardens, orchard, and paddocks, 7 acres; additional land if desired; stabling for 6 horses; 12 bed and dressing rooms, and bathroom, 4 reception rooms, servants' hall, and offices: gas, and Company's water: ¾ mile from station. Or would be LET for shorter period.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,050)

PETERSFIELD AND HINDHEAD DISTRICT.

£1,450, WITH 2 ACRES (25 acres available).—The above QUAINT OLD FARMHOUSE, MODERNISED, occupying a very pleasant position, with good views, and containing: 3 reception rooms and 7 or 8 bedrooms, studio or billiard room; stabling for 2, cow-house, etc.; good water and drainage; large tennis lawn; well-stocked garden; golf links in district.—Apply, Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,110)

BERKELEY SQUARE (adjoining).—A delightful "ADAMS" RESIDENCE of an unusually attractive character, facing directly South, and enjoying an abundance of light and air.

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Will Offer for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, March 30, 1909, at 2 o'clock (unless previously Sold), the exceptionally choice and compact RESIDENCE, No. 30, BRUTON STREET, containing some 11 good bed and dressing rooms, 2 fitted bathrooms, 2 charming drawing rooms, handsome dining room, morning room, library, and complete domestic offices; garage for 3 or 4 cars; every convenience is installed and the sanitation is believed to be perfect.—Particulars and Conditions of Sale of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, W.

40 MINUTES FROM THE CITY.

THE ABOVE CHARMING GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, with grounds and parklike lands of 13 ACRES. To be SOLD, or LET, Furnished; in a delightful rural situation, 300ft. above sea; good views: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, drawing and dining rooms, billiard room, magnificent lounge hall, ample offices; stabling for 5, man's rooms, farmery, and 3 cottages; well-timbered pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, meadowland; Company's water; gas. 1½ miles from 2 stations.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,079)

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KENT (within a few miles of MAIDSTONE).—To be SOLD, the above CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, in lovely OLD-WORLD GROUNDS and well-timbered parklike land of about 22 ACRES: 3 reception, billiard room, 8 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 4 horses; small farmery: lodge: gas laid on.—Strongly recommended as a really choice property by Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ON THE LOVELY CHILTERN HILLS (45 minutes of London).—To be SOLD at the bargain price of £2,200. Beautifully placed up-to-date RESIDENCE commanding LOVELY VIEWS FOR MILES: 3 reception, billiard, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; conservatory; exceedingly pretty grounds of about 2 acres; tennis lawn, etc.; acetylene gas throughout.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

£2,600.—**OXTED DISTRICT.**—A really cheap PROPERTY, with pretty grounds of 1½ acres: lounge hall, 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling or motor-house; 500ft. above sea level. Inspected and strongly recommended.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

BEDFORD PARK.—To be SOLD, or LET, Unfurnished, an attractive detached RESIDENCE in this favourite suburb, close to District Railway, trams, and 'bus route: hall, 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom; gas and electric light throughout; pretty garden of ¾ acre; tennis lawn, etc.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ON THE CHILTERN HILLS (close to Huntercombe Golf Course), 350ft. above sea level, on gravel soil.—To be SOLD, a charming old-world RESIDENCE, surrounded by old trees, orchard, and garden: 2 reception rooms, cloak room, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), etc.; stabling for 2 and men's rooms; well-stocked orchard and fruit garden, with rustic rosery, pergolas, etc., and wall fruit and meadowland, in all about 16 acres. Would be Sold with less land.—Box K 4,006, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

AN HOUR OF LONDON.

£1,500 WILL PURCHASE a picturesque old-fashioned COTTAGE, standing on gravel soil, 400ft. above the sea: lounge hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms; could easily be enlarged; stabling for 2; nicely timbered old grounds of an acre; more land could be purchased if desired.—Particulars of H., c/o Box K 4,109, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

FARM OF 170 ACRES, WITH GOOD FARMHOUSE.

HERTFORDSHIRE.—On high ground, 2 miles from station: well fenced and watered; arable and old pasture; possession Michaelmas. For SALE, Freehold.—Box K, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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30 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

QUEEN ANNE COTTAGE STYLE RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of 8 acres, including a SHADY DELL OF 2½ ACRES, forming a most delightful retreat. Accommodation: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling. To be SOLD at a price which means a CONSIDERABLE SACRIFICE.—Box K 3,757, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

IMPORTANT SPORTING ESTATE
(only privately in the market) 70 MINUTES NORTH OF LONDON, nearly
1,000 ACRES.
Magnificent MANSION; well-timbered park and grounds.
RACING ESTABLISHMENT.
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Home farm, several cottages.
EXCELLENT SHOOTING.
Sole Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

RENT, £88. AND SMALL PREMIUM.

GORING-ON-THAMES.—Charming creeper-clad RESIDENCE, standing in exceedingly pretty grounds, tennis lawn, lovely rose garden, kitchen garden, etc.: lounge hall, 2 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; electric light throughout; 3 minutes of river; private landing-stage.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SUFFOLK (in the beautiful Stour Valley).—To LET, Furnished, for the Summer or by the year; a charming creeper-clad RESIDENCE in well-timbered grounds of 3 acres: 8 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling, tennis, etc.—Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

RICHMOND HILL.—"STAR AND GARTER HOTEL."—This renowned FREEHOLD HOTEL for SALE, by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Tuesday, April 6, at 2 o'clock, with possession on completion of the purchase.—CHANCELLOR and SONS, Auctioneers, Richmond.

LOUGHTON (Essex; about 30 minutes' rail from Liverpool Street).—Freehold detached RESIDENCE, situate on high ground, commanding charming views, standing in well-planned ornamental grounds of about 1½ acres: 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, 7 bedrooms, usual offices; tennis lawn, ornamental trees, shrubs, fruit, roses, etc.; 7 minutes from station; close to Epping Forest. Price, only £2,300, or near offer.—Apply, Box G. A., THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SUFFOLK (standing on high ground, with good views: 10 minutes' walk of station).—To be LET or SOLD, an attractive RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception rooms, conservatory, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; gas and water laid on; nicely timbered grounds of between 3 and 4 acres; golf 2 miles distant.—Box K 4,178, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

ARTISTIC COTTAGE, 2 ACRES.
800FT. ABOVE THE SEA. ADJOINING GOLF COURSE.
A RETREAT FOR CITY MEN.

SURREY (1½ miles from station, 10 minutes from village, post and telegraph office).—To be SOLD or LET, an artistic COTTAGE, enjoying a high but protected position. Accommodation: pleasant hall, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. The cottage is designed for extension; the grounds of about 2½ acres include some nice old trees, tennis lawn, etc.—Box K 4,167, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO BE SOLD AT HALF COST.

BERKS.—A beautiful COUNTRY SEAT, possessing glorious views, dry atmosphere, 300ft. above sea, gravel soil, water excellent, sanitation excellent: 17 bed and dressing rooms, finely panelled and galleried hall, 4 reception rooms; stabling for 15; 2 cottages; motor-house; hunting 5 days a week; the grounds have been described as "exquisite"; model farmery.—Further details of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

WE CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO THIS.

HOVE (a few minutes of the sea).—An exceptionally well-built RESIDENCE, containing: entrance hall, 3 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and excellent domestic offices; small garden, greenhouse; electric light and gas; every convenience; perfect repair.
PRICE, £2,000 FREEHOLD,
or would be LET on Lease.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 5,068)

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CO. LONDONDERRY.—To LET from May 1 for a term, or the Summer, fully Furnished RESIDENCE: 4 reception, 6 bed, bath, servants' quarters, billiard room; stabling for 8; ten-is lawn, etc.; 10 minutes from station.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

YORKS.—Handsomely Furnished RESIDENCE, with very fine hall, 5 reception, 18 bed, 3 bathrooms; large stabling and garage; well-timbered grounds; capital shooting over 1,700 acres: coarse fishing and hunting.—All particulars of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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SURREY AND HANTS BORDERS (Frensham).—Rent, £150. Quaint, old-fashioned RESIDENCE ("BROOMFIELDS"), with oak-panelled hall and beamed ceilings; delightfully situated in a favourite part of the pinewood country, and commanding extensive views: lounge hall, drawing and dining rooms, study, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, usual offices; first-class stabling for 4 horses, and groom's quarters; conservatory, greenhouses, etc., pleasure and kitchen gardens, and orchard adjoining, altogether nearly 2 acres; also gardener's cottage; additional grassland available; house and stables electrically lighted (private plant); modern drainage; excellent water supply; golf, hunting, and social advantages.—Further particulars of Messrs. FAREBROTHER, ELLIS and Co., 29, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

35 MILES FROM TOWN. ABSOLUTELY RURAL.

TO BE SOLD.—A fine old stone-built HOUSE, covered in creepers, standing in 7 acres of glorious old grounds, specially noted for the filbert orchard. The House is in excellent order, and contains: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, and 6 bedrooms; stabling and outbuildings, paddock, etc.—Box K 4,022, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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HANTS.—For SALE, or might be LET, Unfurnished, this exceptionally attractive RESIDENCE, which has been

PERSONALLY INSPECTED.

Accommodation comprises: lounge hall with fireplace, 3 reception rooms, fine carved oak staircase, 13 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; stabling for 9 horses, 2 coach-houses, with men's rooms over, 2 cottages, etc.; the grounds of 8 acres are of a parklike nature; South aspect; gravel soil; golf links within ½ mile: hunting 6 days a week.

Price for Freehold, £7,000.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,016)

ON THE SURREY HILLS.

SECLUDED AND QUIET POSITION. — For SALE, a well-built RESIDENCE, replete with every modern convenience, standing about 400ft. above sea level in grounds about 4½ ACRES. Contains: hall, 3 reception rooms,

BILLIARD ROOM, WINTER GARDEN,

10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, usual domestic offices; gas and water laid on, main drainage; stabling for 2 horses, double coach-house, man's room, etc.; the grounds are quite a feature, having been laid out by a well-known horticulturist, and include tennis and croquet lawns.

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FACING A SURREY COMMON.

£220 PER ANNUM IS REQUIRED for this charming old-fashioned HOUSE, close to Town, with excellent train service, and within easy reach of first-class golf links. The situation is open, and the outlook delightful. The House contains every convenience, and includes large hall, dining room, drawing room, study, 7 bed and dressing rooms, and 3 nurseries; stabling for 3 horses, coach-house, and living rooms over; pretty garden with conservatory; gravel soil; Company's water; electric light; certified drainage.

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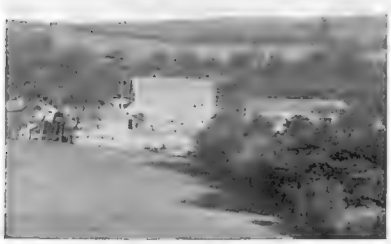
A MANORIAL ESTATE OF 283 ACRES WITH AN ADVOWSON.



WEST OF ENGLAND (some 650ft. above sea level).—For SALE, a RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising the above fine old stone-built manor house, containing: old dining hall, parlour, usual offices, 8 bedrooms approached by an old oak staircase. The farm-buildings are substantially built of stone with slate roofs. The House and most of the land face South. Good water supply. The land is of mixed grass and arable, with about 17 acres of cover. With the estate will be sold the advowson of an adjoining rectory, the income from which is £210, including 42 acres of glebe and a pleasantly situated rectory.

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OVERLOOKING THE BEAUTIFUL COBHAM WOODS.

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KENT.—Conveniently arranged modern RESIDENCE in beautifully situated grounds of 3 acres; within 1 hour of the City: 4 bedrooms, and 3 reception rooms; gravel soil; good water supply; stables; tasteful garden. A bargain.

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IN THE HEART OF THE PINE COUNTRY.

SURREY (between Frimley and Camberley).—To be SOLD, the above RESIDENCE, very secluded and surrounded by most picturesque lawns and shady paths; finely wooded carriage drive to house; 300ft. above sea level: 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bath, usual offices; 3 acres of charming grounds. Price, £2,500.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,087)

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

DORSETSHIRE COAST.—The above charming COUNTRY HOUSE, 400ft. above sea level, with beautiful land and seascape views, to be LET, Furnished. The House, which stands in lovely old-fashioned grounds, contains: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, usual domestic offices, including servants' hall and page's bedroom; excellent stabling accommodation and motor-house. The grounds extend to nearly 3 acres.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (N 1,663)

KENT. 30 MINS. FROM CITY & WEST END.

A MOST CHARMING AND UNIQUE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY of about 8 acres, rarely to be met in so complete a form.

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD.

This Residence, erected in the Early English style, stands in delightful grounds of exceptional beauty, approached by winding carriage drive.

ELEGANT SQUARE HALL.	9 BEST BEDROOMS.
BILLIARD ROOM.	4 SERVANTS' ROOMS.
MUSIC ROOM.	3 DRESSING AND 2 BATHROOMS.
5 RECEPTION ROOMS.	

LARGE STABLING, 2 COTTAGES, ETC.

The pleasure grounds include tennis lawn, bowling green, kitchen garden, flower and fruit gardens, etc. Farmery of 42 acres may be rented. Whole in perfect order.

Strongly recommended by the Agent,

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QUAINT OLD-WORLD FARMHOUSE.

HANTS.—Healthy position with splendid views: 7 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, studio (suitable for billiard room), numerous outbuildings; stables, tennis court, excellent water supply, sound drainage; good golf links within easy reach.

Price, with 2 acres, only £1,450. More land up to 27½ acres obtainable. Would be Let Furnished or Unfurnished.

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WITH 36 ACRES (OR LESS).

SOUTH DEVON COAST (within ½ mile of a station and close to sea).

For SALE, the above substantially built and artistically finished RESIDENCE in the Italian Renaissance style, approached by a long carriage drive, with lodge and entrance, and containing: handsome inner hall, large Oriental drawing room, salon, dining room, billiard room, library, fitted cloak room, 16 bed and dressing rooms, 2 luxuriantly appointed bathrooms, etc.; excellent stabling accommodation and motor garage; electric light installation; telephone; beautiful grounds, in excellent condition, and adorned with many sub-tropical plants, and generally laid out in perfect taste.

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WITHIN 40 MINUTES OF TOWN.—To be LET, Furnished, or SOLD, this charming ISLAND HOME, with secluded grounds of 1 acre, including tennis lawn and rose garden with fountain. Contains: 2 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.); electric light throughout; telephone; Company's water. Price, £1,850.

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WITHIN 1 HOUR OF TOWN, WITH 30 ACRES, OR LESS.

ON LONDON & SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE, an attractive FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising this very charming Residence, in perfect order, together with undulating and parklike grounds of about 30 acres (or less if desired).

The House, which occupies a secluded position, is approached by a drive, and contains: 4 fine reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and usual domestic offices; new drainage; Company's gas and water; stabling for 3 horses, double coach-house, etc.; 3 cottages; lovely old grounds, inexpensive to maintain and well timbered.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,321)

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The Lankiest and Straightest Hair made NATURALLY WAVY.

A Scientific Discovery in Hair Waving of the most permanent character. Impervious to any Hair Lotion, Sea Water, residence in hot climates; the Nestle Wave always remains. Hair Curlers or Wavers, whether hard or soft, are bound to ruin your hair. A written guarantee given that Nestle waved hair will grow ½in. per month. Over 1,500 heads Nestle waved. Time of doing a head has been reduced to two hours. Fee, **£5 - 5 - 0.** Children's Hair at special quotations.

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A constant supply of Hot Water without the use of the Kitchener

by means of a Gas-heated Circulator, which can be connected to the existing pipes at very moderate cost, and used independently of the kitchen range, with the working of which, however, it does not interfere at all. This removes the only obstacle in the way of the household securing the very great advantages and convenience of cooking by gas.

If you are interested please write for illustrated pamphlet "O" on Hot Water Supply, which will be sent post free (together with the opinions of some of the very large and rapidly increasing number of those using Gas-heated Circulators) by

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Made in their Own Factories

Exceptional Value

The Bedford	The Carlton
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Two Pretty Presentation Frocks

The fiat has irrevocably gone forth that we shall adopt the high, prominent crown, the sides perfectly straight from base to summit, not tapering, as heretofore, the crown sloping off imperceptibly into a brim that by comparison is merely incidental, but frequently

Miss Marjorie Bryce

Niece of the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, British Ambassador at Washington, was presented at the first Court of the season, and wore a white chiffon Empire gown, embroidered with white chiffon water-lilies, and white chiffon leaves outlined with silver thread

deeper one side than the other. For the order continues to prevail that we shall completely hide one eye.

A Ribbon Year

The similitude to a reversed strawberry punnet is oftentimes irresistible; at the same time, the wise will eschew these comparisons and philosophically turn their attention to the joys that obtain in, surely, the most glorious display of ribbons ever granted us. Ribbons of Oriental quality, glinting with tinsel, bursting in exuberant *pouſs* from out a deep straw crown, lovely brocaded ribbon, employed in artistic draperies, and culminating in floating strings, ruches of ribbon, massed loops of ribbon, great shaded *choux*, and last, but by no means least, flowers realistically presented in satin ribbon. A ribbon year if ever we had one is the verdict from high quarters.

Ostrich feathers, too, as has already been told in these columns, will continue to find a steady acceptance, *panaches* of vivid colour, such as emerald-green, tangerine-orange, pomegranate-pink, finding favour as the solitary relief to a jam-pot turban toque of black tulle. The latter, by the way, is assertively in evidence at the moment, but I have a suspicion—and this on the face of a personal predilection—that it is merely *pour passé le temps*.

Bois de Rose Heads the Colour Card

Having to admit, at the outset, that there is startling lack of evidence over here to verify the above statement, I should, perhaps, hesitate were it not that I have full authoritative information that this shade is already firmly established in Paris. There is, moreover, a pleasant range of shades, and no one, once put into intimate touch with the innovation, has anything but praise for it.

As a nation, though, we are stupidly dense about colour, and talk of brown, and green, and blue as though each were just one solid limited tone. Now, *bois de rose* is brown with innumerable differing aspects, the gradations ranging from a deep, rich-seasoned rosewood to quite a delicate reddish shade. And from this latter a sharp leap is taken to an entirely novel tan, entitled "Cuban." For wrap-coats, ultra-daring tailor-mades, Cuban tan is essentially *chic*, and it finds the invariable complementary relief of such things in touches of black.

Amethyst, the parrot colour cry of the hour, will not be long-lived, albeit it serves the initial spring stage with much circumspection, since it is too sombre. But there is a sure and safe successor in periwinkle-blue, also a hyacinth-lavender, and a curious pastel tint that is stronger than flesh, and not quite so *voyant*

Miss Nellie Marshall

Daughter of Sir Horace and Lady Marshall, was presented by her mother at the second Court on March 3. She wore a charming gown of white Greek silk net over silver tissue

as the pinkish hue of the interior of a pumpkin. Altogether, the general statement is warranted that the colour vista this season promises to prove exceptionally enchanting, and demands instant attention and encouragement ere the *blanche* note, already on the

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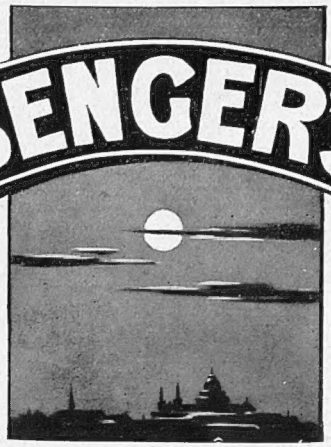

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Keep them both good by a regular bath with

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Belle Brocade

qui vive, takes front rank once again. An acceptance that, on the score of monotony and frequently defective representation, I consider, is to be deplored.

An Original Teagown in Ivory and Pink Brocade
(Designed by Mrs. Dorothy Millar)

Growing Accentuation of the Silhouette of the Head

Flatter and smaller and beautifully less grow the *coiffures* of the best-decreed order. Well-shaped heads, like well-shaped figures, are again to have their chance, and in the name of all that is pleasurable to the eye, let us see to it that we make the most of the opportunity thus offered. All of which is apropos of our persuasive evening *coiffure* picture, representing a tasteful, classical disposal of grouped curls, meeting an almost flat roll either side, with the hair in front just drooped and leaning to one side of the forehead. *Coiffurial* artists are strenuously fighting these simple styles, which entail but little expert manipulation. Nevertheless, they will stand.

Women's Franchise

The Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Wolverton, and Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley have joined the Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Association, and have consented to become vice-presidents.

Royal Amateur Art Society

The Royal Amateur Art Society (President, H.M. the Queen; Vice-President, Miss Lowther) will hold its annual exhibition in aid of London charities at 16, Grosvenor Place, S.W., by kind permission of Lord Newlands, from March 21 to 24 inclusive. Intending exhibitors should communicate with the hon. secretary, the Hon. Mrs. Mallet, 38, Rutland Gate, S.W. The loan exhibition in connection with the above will consist of water-colour drawings by Paul Sandby, R.A., and of old cut and engraved glass. Owners of these things who would be willing kindly to lend them should communicate with the Hon. Mrs. Charles Eliot, 68, Chester Square, S.W.

Sale of Work

Julia, Marchioness of Tweeddale is to open the thirty-ninth annual sale of the work of ladies in reduced circumstances, to be held on March 18 and 19 at the Hampstead Conservatoire. This excellent institution's object is to dispose of the work of gentlewomen who are in reduced circumstances, and who are dependent entirely on their own exertions.

An Efficacious Remedy

Spring always seems to me the time when most people's nurseries are in a state of upset owing to whooping cough. Since the days of Roche's Herbal Embrocation, however, whooping cough has lost half its terrors, and I should recommend my correspondents, if they have not already made acquaintance with it, to procure a bottle at once for the nursery folk. It is an entirely outward application, drawn from the best-selected herbs and flowers, and as the nightly use of it will effect a cure in the most stubborn cases, it is well worth trying, while a few days will fully prove its powers to the most sceptical. It can be procured from any retail chemists or stores, the manufacturers being W. Edwards and Sons, 157, Queen Victoria Street.

Harwich-Antwerp Service

The Great Eastern Railway Company have given orders for the whole of their steamers on the Harwich-Antwerp service to be fitted with the same system of wireless telegraphy as is on their Hook of Holland steamers.

A MESSAGE TO SKIN SUFFERERS

The story of a Certain Cure for every Skin Illness
Shows why "Antexema" succeeds when everything else fails

IT is well to ask yourself two or three plain questions. Why endure discomfort when you can be easy? Why suffer from redness, roughness, or dryness of the skin when it may be rendered soft, smooth, and velvety? Why suffer from maddening irritation when you can be free from discomfort? Why be tormented and disfigured by eczema when a complete cure is within your reach? Why have pimples, blackheads, or any other facial blemish, when you can have a clear complexion? Every one of these skin affections, and dozens of others, are banished by "Antexema." Why, then, endure ills which can so easily and quickly be cured?

"Antexema" works marvellous cures in eczema of the arms or hands

There are diseases for which, as yet, Science has discovered no cure, and their victims have therefore to suffer, and long for a remedy that will alleviate their symptoms and take away their pain. Fortunately for skin sufferers, their troubles do not belong to this class. In "Antexema" is found a cure for every form of skin illness known to dermatologists. "Antexema" is just as certain as a cure for eczema in its worst, most torturing, and disfiguring form, as it is for roughness or chafing of the skin, pimples, and other slight ailments. "Antexema" may be used with the same confidence for a baby as for an adult, and wherever it is used you know beforehand that relief will be gained and a cure will be effected.

The "Antexema" Treatment

is a thoroughly scientific treatment. It was the great discovery of a leading medical man, who studied, investigated, and experimented until at last his efforts were crowned with success. "Antexema" was the result, and the cures it worked in his private practice were so remarkable that he determined to give this great discovery to the whole world. Its success has been marvellous. Time after time correspondents write to say that they had exhausted every other means in their endeavour to get cured, without gaining the least satisfaction. Then they tried "Antexema." The first moment they commenced with "Antexema" they began to get better. Sleep returned, irritation disappeared, and soon a complete and lasting cure was gained. "Antexema" will as certainly cure you.

Cure your skin illness now, because the longer skin illness is neglected the harder its cure becomes. Don't forget that every day you wait you are running risks. To-day your skin is merely red, rough, or irritated. Use "Antexema" at once, and the trouble will soon disappear. Delay treatment, and eczema, psoriasis, nettlerash, or some other unpleasant skin trouble will have you in its grip. Surely you do not want to run risks of this kind? Surely you wish to avoid the discomfort and suffering that skin illness inflicts? Whilst "Antexema" is applied outwardly, "Antexema Granules" should be taken to purify the blood, and "Antexema Soap" should invariably be used for bath and toilet.

There would not be a fraction of the misery due to skin illness that at present exists, nor a tithe of the people disfigured by skin troubles, if everyone adopted the "Antexema" treatment as soon as any spot, rash, redness, or roughness of the skin was noticed. One or two applications of "Antexema" at this stage at once arrests the progress of the complaint, and in a day or two not a sign of anything having been wrong remains. Begin the "Antexema" treatment to-day.

How "Antexema" Cures

The secret of its curative power is easy to understand. If the skin becomes broken there is an instinctive desire to keep it covered up and to prevent the entrance of dust, dirt, and disease germs, and that is the "Antexema" principle, only it is carried out in a much better way. The moment you apply "Antexema" the skin absorbs the healing and antiseptic virtues, and an invisible artificial skin is formed over the affected part. This keeps out the germs, dust, grit, and everything that can do mischief, and consequently the place at once commences to heal, and you soon have a clear, spotless, beautiful skin.

"Antexema" immediately relieves the maddening irritation caused by chilblains

Having heard the facts about "Antexema," there is no room for doubt as to its healing, soothing, and curing qualities. It cures every skin ailment in every part of the body in old and young, however long it may have continued, and "Antexema" succeeds where every other so-called remedy has failed, and doctors and skin specialists have all been unable to do any good.

Specially note that "Antexema" is not a greasy ointment. It is a liquid which is absorbed as soon as it is applied to the skin, so that it is invisible in use, and may be used on face, neck, or hands without anyone but yourself knowing anything about the matter. That is a great point in favour of "Antexema" which all users are quick to appreciate. There is only one way of getting cured of your skin illness; that way is the "Antexema" way. If you are a skin sufferer, you cannot afford to neglect "Antexema." Give it a trial immediately. Every chemist supplies "Antexema" at 1*s.* 1½*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.*, or can be obtained direct, post free, in plain wrapper, for 1*s.* 3*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.*, of the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. "Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, India, South Africa, and all British Dominions.

"Antexema"
CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS

The Editor's Box

Famous Pictures Free

I have before me one of a series of beautiful colour studies by Cecil Aldin, R.B.A., which are actually being given away on the coupon system quite free of cost to users of Oxo, the well-known fluid beef. These exquisite pictures have been in great demand of late. But their sale has been confined to narrow limits, because, up to now, their price has been rigorously maintained at one guinea each. Recently, however, an art expert appointed by the Oxo Company secured the whole of the publishers' stock of these pictures for free distribution to users of Oxo. Cecil Aldin's pictures have an old-world atmosphere about them which is distinctly soothing in these days of scurry and scramble. Their scenes are chiefly laid in the country in the times which Dickens loved to write about. It is well worth noting that these pictures are genuine bargains, which will undoubtedly increase in value in the near future. It is no matter for surprise, therefore, that there is a big demand for them, and we would advise our readers to send in their Oxo coupons as soon as possible. An illustrated list of the twenty-four different subjects will be sent post free to all who write to the Oxo Company, Picture Department, 4, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C

Teaching Vegetables to Write

The accompanying picture is a remarkable illustration of how Nature, on occasion, completely ignores the handiwork of man, even triumphantly improving on his idea. The lettering was made with a sharp-pointed instrument, and traced one-sixteenth of an inch deep in the skin of the young marrow, care being taken in the upstrokes to keep the awl upright, so that the skin was not disturbed beyond the outline of the writing. The marrow did the rest. With infinite patience it embroidered the traced words with a raised thread of white tissue, so that he who runs may read the advice contained thereon.

Teaching Vegetables to Write

Broadway Theatre

I witnessed an excellent performance of *Havana* here last week. Mr. Dance has, indeed, selected his company well. Not a member but does excellent work. Miss Daisie Irving, as Consuelo, is perfectly delightful, and uses her charming voice with great effect. Miss Gladys Guy, whom I remember to have seen playing lead in Mr. Dance's *Beauty of Bath* Company last year, is most successful in Miss Jean Aylwin's rôle of the forsaken bride. Mr. Mark Lester is tremendously funny as the bo'sun, Nix, and the whole company deserve the greatest praise. This week *Lady Frederick* is being played at the Broadway.

The Best Route to Ireland

A traveller to Ireland has given valuable and disinterested information on this subject. Writing from London to the *Waterford News*, he says: "I have voyaged across the Irish Channel many a time, but I never travelled under more enjoyable circumstances than those that fell to my lot on Friday. I started from Waterford at half-past eleven; the journey from Rosslare to Fishguard was a positive pleasure—and, as you know, I am a very bad sailor. I arrived at Paddington five minutes before the scheduled time, and the train journey was as good as the sea voyage. I have often travelled by the Holyhead route, but never under such enjoyable conditions as by the Fishguard route." Another correspondent reports that the sea trip from Fishguard to Rosslare was, last week, accomplished in the record time of 2hr. 20min., "and there wasn't a tremor in the steamboat the whole way across."

Real Patriotism

Now that the thoughts of the public have been attracted to the subject of the country's defence, it may be of interest to note the attitude of the great mercantile firms to the question in past years. I have been privileged to inspect the records of the Royal Exchange Assurance, which has been carrying on business for close on 200 years. I find that in 1798, when the whole of England was in a ferment, fearing an invasion by Napoleon, a large contribution was made among the staff of the office towards the "Voluntary Contribution for the Defence of the Country," and in 1815 a substantial donation was made to the Waterloo subscription, while during the trying period succeeding the Indian Mutiny a fund was raised for the relief of the sufferers, to which the Corporation largely contributed. To bring the matter to a more recent date, this Corporation was well represented in the South African War. The notice recently published in a contemporary to the effect that the Directors afford every encouragement to members of their staff serving in the Territorials, will keep their appointments vacant in the event of mobilisation, and made money grants to cover the necessary expenses in the days of the Volunteers, are evidences of the attitude of the great business houses to the subject of national defence, and these remarks show that the spirit which is manifest throughout the country is not of modern growth, but is a natural corollary to the actions of our predecessors.

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